THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXIX.—No. 1548

AUGUST 16, 1933

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

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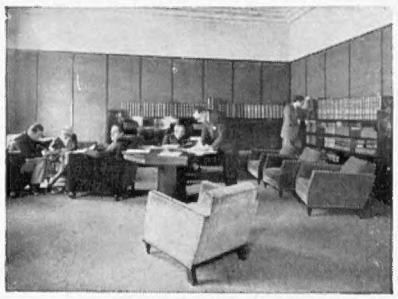


The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

The Bystander, August 16, 1933 No. 1548. Vol. CXIX.

The BYSTANDER

Cannons of Hollywood

"MAYFAIR GIRL"

Sally Blane is an American film-star who is over in England at present and has just finished making a picture at Teddington for Warner Brothers, called "Mayfair Girl." She is a sister of Loretta Young, and, like her sister, was promoted to stardom in Hollywood

Swaebe

" Beach-combers " at Frinton : in front, Miss Mona Simpson, Lady Worthington-Evans, Miss Audrey Simpson, Mrs. Beryl Mills ; behind, the Hon. Mrs. Campbell, the Hon. Mrs. Barford, Miss Helen Robertson, Mr. Claud Duveen, Mr. Edward Barford

Swaebe

Above : Lady Apsley and Lady Kathleen Rollo watching an event in the Beaufort Hunt Farmers' Exhibition at Badminton

Bassano

Lord Burgh, whose engagement was announced last week to Miss Rose Vincent, the only daughter of Senator Arthur Vincent, and grand-daughter of Mr. W. B. Bourn, of California. Lord Burgh, who is twenty-seven, succeeded to the title in 1926

• WHAT'S • ADO

"The Bystander's" Potted

IT is no use—one is just forced to admit that everybody is away from London. Those nocturnal barometers, Quaglino's and the Savoy, have duly registered this: other similar weather-glasses have temporarily suspended the use of their mercury. Lord Castlerosse is in Africa (not buying slaves, as erroneously reported elsewhere) ; Lord Donegall in a village in the South of France, last heard of solitarily moping mum. All social chronicalisation must therefore surely be at a standstill.

At the time of writing, the great heat-wave showed signs of breaking. Sleeping on the beach at Southend is no longer an excuse for an all-night absence from home.

Shooting Reports

Pride of place must, of course, be given this week to that outstanding event, the **Glorious Twelfth.** Early "netters" produced customary crop of fine young birds by lunch-time in London on Saturday. As yet early for the best Scotch news.

Lord Blandford reported at **Strathavon** (pronounce Strath-*arn*, please) to be persuading guests to shoot birds in the head only ; carcasses will not be too damaged for his Berkeley Square shops, where " best young birds " will find their way—not to Carlton House Terrace.

Huge bags expected by visitors to **Ganochy** (pronounce as written, please), where Mr. Morgan, of J. P. Morgan and Co., holds joint sway with Mr. Everard Martin Smith—have already forwarded home address to both.

Lord Strabolgi (pronounce Strabogy, please, with an extra-hard " g "), a direct descendant of King David of Scotland, has taken his frail little son, Commander J. M. Kenworthy, for some " grousing " to **Dochfour.**

The Mackintosh of Mackintosh will be on the Moors at **Moy.**

Lord William Scott again been appointed chief entertainer to Buccleuch family parties at **Bowhill** and **Drumlanrig :** jaded débutantes annually vote him " good value "—big contrast to whipper-snappers encountered during the Season.

Usual crop of engagements expected, obvious culmination to moorland romances—hear heather even higher than hoped for.

Fishing

Trout and **Salmon** prospects are very bad, for those who actually use a rod and line : hot sun and lack of water have dried up the trout. Sport still to be obtained with a companion in a coracle on a loch (pronounce loch).

But **Tunny Fishing** at Scarborough is latest society sport : Lady Broughton caught one so big that after fourteen hours she fainted at the sight of it. Hardy sporting Colonels, E. T. Peel and Stapleton-Cotton, putting up barrage of friendly competition.

Sport

Canterbury Week—the principal social cricket event. Lord Cornwallis, Mr. Lionel Troughton, Lord Harris (to whose famous father a memorial was unveiled), Lord Lewisham all prominent : also the I Zingari tent, and Old Stagers wearing I Z colours (for duration of the week only, by very ancient arrangement).

At Lord's **The Army** played the **Public Schools :** gallant soldiers had to put their backs to the wall with five wickets down for 20 in first innings. Pity T. G. Ballance unable to play—one of the best schoolboy bowlers seen at Lord's for years.

On **Bank Holiday** Bentley Boys beetled off to Brooklands, and brave steeplechase jockeys opened their season at Newton Abbot : ground still too hard to take tosses. Personally attended Dunmow Flitch Trials : counsel rudely (but probably rightly) refused to hear my case.

Social

Society Weddings not much in evidence—almost their close season. Wedding of great importance (at least, to principals concerned) was Miss Bunty Pain (of Revels in Rhythm and C. B. Cochran's Young Ladies) and Kid Berg, the light-weight boxer, at Prince's Row. Large reception held at Trocadero afterwards : East met West—he hails from Aldgate, she from N.W.

An **engagement** is Lord Burgh's to Miss Rose Vincent. She sported some noticeable garb at Ascot last year—used to live in Ireland, he in I.O.W., where disputes with Lord Tennyson the title " Premier Peer of the Isle of Wight."

Drama

In the world of the drama, the **Russian Ballet** is still king, and prevents the Alhambra from being razed to the ground. *Beach*, newly performed the other day, drew Lady Rosebery, Lady Ancaster and Mr. Cecil Beaton. Seeing models for cruises, bathes and beaches can be combined with watching Baranova's dancing. She wears a nice " one-piece," red anchor over the heart.

—Swaebe

Four more "beach-combers" at Frinton-on-Sea: the Hon. Mrs. Lucius Carey, who is one of the Frinton regulars, and Mr. Patrick de Laszlo building a sand castle to amuse themselves and Mrs. Carey's two small daughters, Elizabeth and Jean

Colonel and Mrs. G. W. Parkinson were photographed while they were over at Le Touquet for the week-end. Colonel Parkinson is the Prince of Wales's golfing partner

• ABOUT • TOWN

Social Diary of the Week

Hands Across the Sea

As most of Mayfair has this year deserted Torquay, Bournemouth and Harrogate for foreign climes, let us recall where they may be found—

At **Salzburg** Mr. Sidney Beer has a schloss: seems to be becoming to Salzburg what Wagner was to Bayreuth. Lady Haddington, Mrs. Cochrane Baillie, and Mme. Hofmannstahl (Princess Obolensky as was), are there. Miss Olga Lynn, of course, on the way (probably there by now). Reinhardt to produce *Faust* in the courtyard of the Festspielhaus (if wet, in the house).

At **Biarritz** Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston has been sighted; Prince of Wales expected down there very soon, to stay in one of the big villas. Prince George said to be joining him later.

At **Deauville** Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Lord Glanely paid their annual visit. Mrs. Lawson-Johnston sighted there also, this time with "her dear little Ormond," as she affectionately calls her husband. Mr. and Mrs. John Goodenday are there, but not with the Laskis and the Simon Marks, for they are all

At **Cannes.** Here and at Monte Carlo are Gala nights at each Casino. Raquel Meller and Jack Harris at Cannes, Ziegfeld Follies at Monte Carlo. Maxine Elliott is the Queen of Cannes—invitations to her Château de l'Horizon much sought after. Duke of Sutherland, Lady Mendl, and Lord Ratendone very prominent. The last-named likes luring guests to go down the water-chute—result, torn bathing dresses. The "Babe" Barnatos and "Nick" Prinseps are at every party.

Must, as usual, mention Lady Dufferin and Ava—this time not for her clothes, but because her husband escaped a nasty motor smash. They are in residence at Mougins—former Miss Meraud Guinness also there; nobody able to pronounce her married name.

At **Pourville** it was reported that Prince Stourtza's otter hounds had "killed" the blown-up frog in the Piscine; no truth—it was, instead, a fine otter in the Varenne. Lady Phyllis Allen in great form; Lord Michelham's yacht has actually arrived. His brother, Mr. Jack Michelham, is as cheery and lavish a party-giver as ever—with an income of six figures one would advocate caution, too. Captain and Mrs. Bobby Drost are there, and over all presides Mr. "Billy" Gardner, known as "Popular Mr. Pourville," Lovely blonde reinforcements arrive each week-end from Paris, to amuse jaded Londoners.

At **Aix les Bains.** Captain D'Arcy Rutherford has been promoted Directeur-Général des Sports—he was only Directeur before. Sir Ernest and Lady Horlick seem in great form.

Future Events

If no more events turn up than are down in my diary, there will be a "nil return" next week.

MR. PEEPS.

A prelude to the Twelfth: Mr. John McRae, Mr. N. H. Constable, Lord David Crichton-Stuart, Major McRae, and Lord Colum Crichton-Stuart out duck-shooting at Loch Faddam, on Lord Colum Crichton-Stuart's place, Kames Castle, in the Isle of Bute

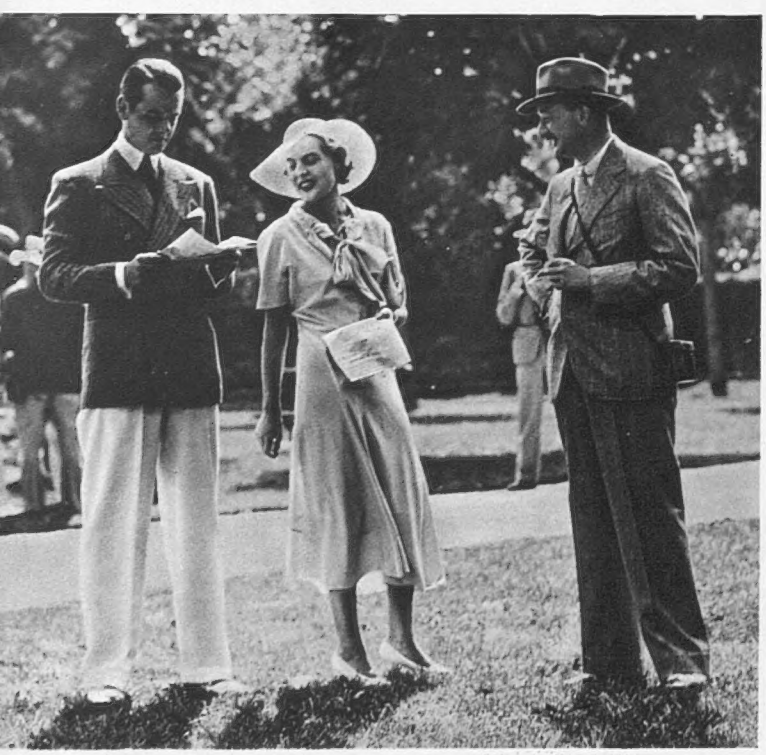
People who think other people are mad to go racing during heat-waves would change their minds if someone took them to Deauville. Mrs. E. Ryan and the Aga Khan found a shaded seat by a honeysuckle bush that would have converted even an anti-regular

Right: Sir Richard Sykes telling Lord and Lady Dufferin and Ava, Lady Pamela Smith, and the Hon Sheila Berry what he knows about navigation, on board Lord Camrose's yacht, the Sona

Deauville Divertissements

Lord Camrose's Yachting Party and a Racecourse Who's Who

The Sona party going back to the yacht afte and Lady Dufferin and Ava, Lady Pamel Berry and two of her brothers, the Hon. Michae



Mr. Cecil Latta and Mr. and Mrs. David Heneage were at Deauville for the race-meeting, which fitted in well with across-the-Channel, Bank-Holiday-week-end plans

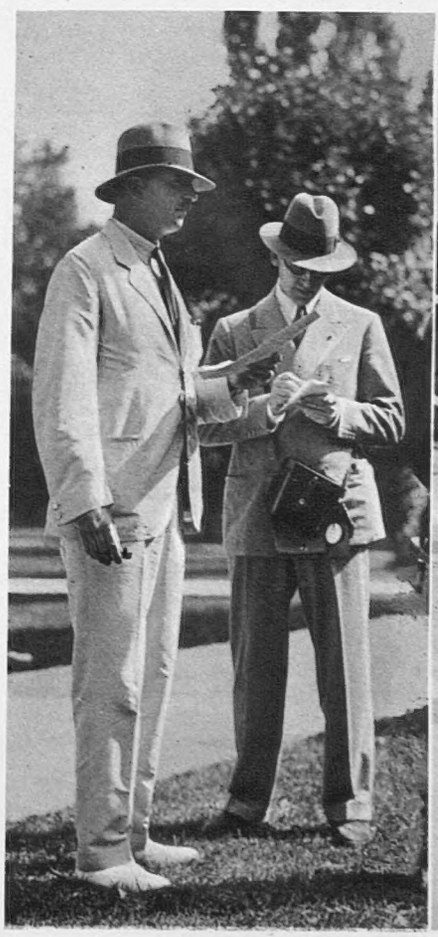
Above: the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, who was one of Lord Camrose's guests on the Sona, at Deauville, looking for something worthy of his ciné-camera

Right: the Hon. Lionel Montagu, Lord Swaythling's uncle, the Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness and Lady Stanley taking a between-races interval peacefully and in the shade

Another photograph, taken on board the Sona while she was over at Deauville, of Lady Pamela Smith, Lady Dufferin and Ava, and the Hon. Sheila Berry, Lord Camrose's second daughter

athing ; in the launch are Lord mith, and the Hon. Sheila nd the Hon. Seymour Berry

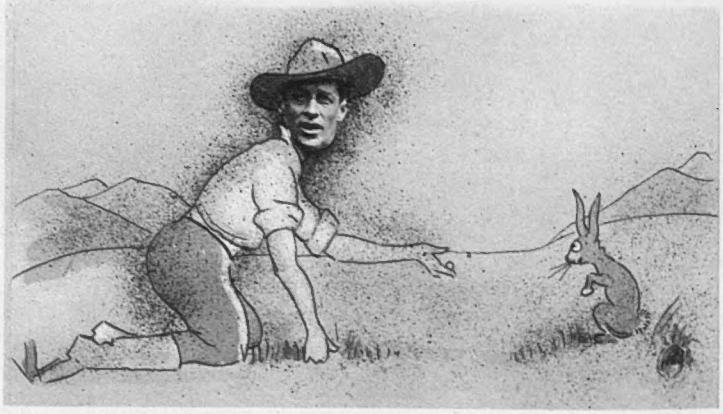
Lord Camrose on board his yacht, Sona, at Deauville, where he had a party for the August Bank Holiday week-end



Lord Stanley and Mr. F. Dupres looking more like hard-working regulars than the rest of the racegoers on these pages

Miss Rosie Neumann, Sir Cecil Neumann's younger sister, talking to Sir Stuart Coats. They were two more of the Deauville week-enders

• PERSONALITIES



Lord Victor Paget

It is difficult to visualize him as a trapper in the Albertan prairies

• **LORD VICTOR PAGET,** who had a receiving order of bankruptcy made against him, is a very attractive person. He is unusually good-looking and very fascinating. He is smart and well-dressed, and it is difficult to visualise him as a trapper in the Albertan prairies. He has run a fur business in Hanover Square. He has courage and a happy philosophy. He has had two wives; very opposite types to each other. No woman can help but admire him, and he should have made a fortune on the films for his profile alone. He has dark hair, going grey, a graceful walk, a charming smile, and apparently a few creditors.

• **SIR JOHN DASHWOOD,** who has just been appointed to the Royal Household, has a great sense of humour. He is short, and getting bald, with a cheery, schoolboy smile. He has had persistent publicity as "the premier baronet," and his wife's hats and gloves are much written about. He loves a practical joke, and will be ragged with the utmost good humour. He is very intelligent, and popular at the same time. He has two sons and a daughter, a much-photographed ancestral home, and a knowledge of Tanks.

Viscountess Weymouth

She has friends in all classes

• **VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH,** who enjoys a caravan holiday, is very beautiful. She has vitality, charm, and height. She is eager to enjoy life, and makes others enjoy it with her. She has brains as well as looks, and is without conceit or affectation. She radiates happiness, and is a splendid person to ask to a party. She is outspoken, saying what she thinks, which is often original and surprising. She has friends in all classes, and has no petty snobbery. She gets her own way without obvious effort. She loves her husband and her children adore her. She could be a good, observant journalist, and can speak charmingly. She has a son and a daughter, brown hair, quick wits, and a most attractive mouth.

• **MRS. PETER THURSBY,** without whom the Cowes Ball would not be complete, has organised it with her mother for many years. She has dark, windswept hair, deeply rouged cheeks, and the most attractive voice in Society. She speaks softly, but one cannot help but listen and be held spellbound by her musical tones. She is clever in a feminine way about clothes, money, her household, and her publicity. She has a great many friends, who adore her, while outsiders are generally a little nervous of her. She dances beautifully, and was often partnered by Prince George before she married. Her greatest friend is Lady Milbanke, and they have been running Ciro's Club together extremely successfully. She has depth, and is a sincere person; she could never be bitter or deliberately unkind. She has Spanish beauty, lovely eyes, a very full, cherry-red mouth, close-fitting dresses, a fair, quiet husband, and charm.

PETER PEPPER

Sir John Dashwood

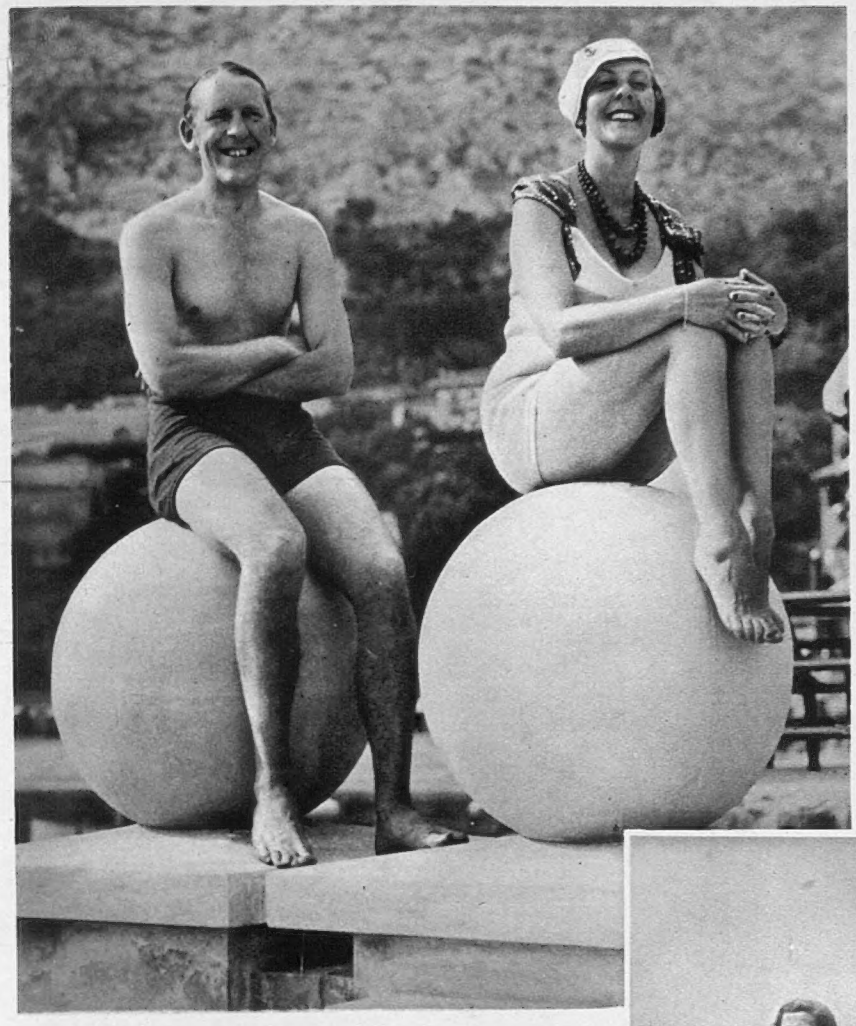
Has a cheery, schoolboy smile

Mrs. Peter Thursby

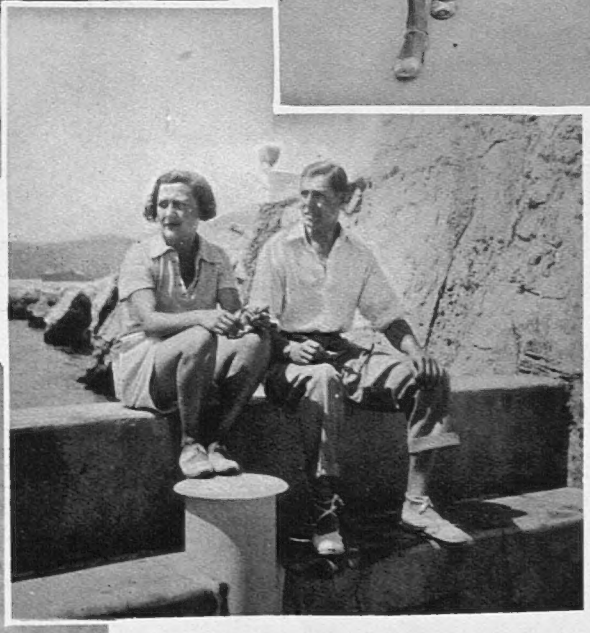
Has dark, windswept hair

Cosmopolitan Sunshine

By the Sea in Three Countries



Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge are doing a lot of hard work in the snow at the Tivoli, but that's only on the screen, in "Falling For You." Actually, they have been in Monte Carlo, where sun-bathing is as hard work as anyone can manage



Above: another couple who have been getting nicely browned in the French sun are Captain and Mrs. Woolf Barnato, and Monte Carlo was where this photograph was taken

Left: Miss Rosario Scrope and Mr. John Miller on the Roc. They have been staying at Château de la Garoupe, which Sir John Leigh has taken this summer from Lord Aberconway

Above: nearer home, in fact, at Brighton, is the Hon. George Lambton, who is staying there with his family. He is now practically an ex-convalescent after his recent serious illness

Right: Miss Lulu Esmond, Mme. Uzielli, who before her marriage was Miss Sybil Esmond, and Miss Diana Esmond, beside the North Berwick Pond, where all the N.B. regulars bathe when it's too hot for golf. The Esmond sisters are all first-class golfers

A Racing Reverie

Breezy Brighton and Charming Chepstow

By "Regular"

Above: the Duke of Norfolk and his sister, Lady Rachel Howard, marking up their cards at the Brighton meeting

Right: Lord John Hope and Lady Katherine Howard, the Duke of Norfolk's second sister, were two more who went racing on the Downs at the Brighton August Meeting

Sir Humphrey de Trafford had the very great honour of being elected a member of the Jockey Club before he had reached the allotted span. The other members always refer to him as "the boy," or "the nipper," and are careful not to say anything in front of him which might shock his boyish sensibilities.

In due course, Sir Humphrey should make a grand Steward of the Jockey Club, as he has had the ideal training for the job. Compared with the rôle of elder brother, the correction of a few disobedient jockeys should prove mere child's play.

Sir Humphrey was a Steward at the last Brighton meeting, and was one of several members of White's Club to win a race there. His filly, Chartreuse, upset a gamble on Wootton's Eastern Slave filly, which was all very nice for Sir Humphrey and White's, but just too devastating for the holiday-makers who had laid the odds.

Another popular member of White's won a seller on the same day. This was Captain "Cardy" Montague, a fine figure of a man if ever I saw one. Captain Montague is a man of simple tastes; given plenty of good, wholesome food, accompanied by a corresponding amount of liquid nourishment, he will be as happy as a sand-boy. I hasten to contradict the rumour that he once ate a waiter who brought him something he didn't like.

For many years, Captain Montague has enjoyed the reputation in some circles of being the cleverest man on the Turf, but I understand this honour is now shared with him by Mr. Clayton. If Captain Montague tells any of them anything—which isn't very often—they get all of a twitter, and can't run round fast enough telling their friends. In really smart circles, nothing gives one such kudos as to be able to say "'Cardy' told me."

There, there! I started off to tell you about Brighton, and here I am writing about famous men. Brighton was always very smart; any town with two piers and two thousand slot-machines (Patricia, run and get Father another half-crown's worth of coppers; he wants to try his strength again!) could not help attracting the very smartest people, but now they 've knighted Harry Preston and done away with "feelthy" postcards, it 's so like a Buckingham Palace garden party that there 's just no difference at all.

The best-looking woman present, I thought, was Mrs. Kingsmill, and this view was held by others beside myself. Mrs. Kingsmill bore unmistakable traces of her aquaplaning activities, but appeared to have knocked off none of the bits that really mattered.

I saw Mrs. Lambton with several of her children, and people scanned their race-cards excitedly, saying, "What 's Cicely here for? She wouldn't come all this way for nothing." Actually, I believe, she was enjoying the sea air, the same as you and I.

At Lewes, her infant prodigy, Teddy, once again proved that he has inherited his father's genius in the saddle, and if he doesn't get too heavy, may train on into the best G.R. in the country. If ever a youth looked booked for a good time, he does, and already the more forward of the mem-sahibs are giving him the once-over.

Lord Carnarvon won a race with Lily of the Valley, who, if breeding counts for anything, should be the best filly in training. We all know blood will tell, but it doesn't always tell quite what you expect: e.g., quite the naughtiest girl in Mayfair is the daughter of a parson.

Lily of the Valley is no better than she should be (I am referring, of course, to her racing ability), and Lord Carnarvon would be willing to dispose of her if someone would provide her with a nice, kind husband. She should make a wonderful brood mare.

"The little man, bless him," as the mem-sahibs always speak of Gordon, was at his very best. His riding of Kudos and Sun Palm filly completely exhausted my superlatives, and the easiest way of describing it is to say that no other jockey, alive or dead, would have won on either of them. Other jockeys, please note.

At Lewes, Mr. Baillie, of the Coldstream Guards, taught the clever people a sharp lesson. On form, his horse Plantagenet should have been more or less favourite, but the clever people who back horses in Bumper races would have nothing to do with him, preferring to row in with the well-known riders, irrespective of what they were riding, rather than take a chance that Mr. Baillie knew what he was up to. Result, Mr. Baillie, riding like Gordon Richards (one leg on each side), trots up at 8 to 1.

Personally, I gave Lewes a miss, my social activities having taken me in the direction of Chepstow, which I enjoyed immensely. Chepstow is charming, make no mistake about it, though, judging by the size of the crowd, it is more charming to be a visitor than a shareholder.

It is a thousand pities that this meeting hasn't caught on with the public, as it is a delightful place, and twice as comfortable as any Midland meeting, and better than one or two Park courses I could mention. Furthermore, the executive are most enterprising, and, in conjunction with the G.W.R., run cheap excursions, with luncheon, dinner, and entrance to the course thrown in, which should appeal to all.

The nicest part of the day was when we saw Michael canter away with the big two-year-old race on the Aga's Bay Monk. This one, in receipt of 16 lb. from Dignitary, looked one of the biggest certainties of the year, but the public made Gordon's mount favourite, though, as Gordon told me afterwards, "Colombo himself couldn't give Bay Monk 16 lb. on a fast course."

The Aga's luck is slowly turning, and I have seldom seen him look more pleased than when watching the Ali canter in on Grey Wonder, which, as a well-known writer described it, "won so easily that the Aga could have won on it himself."

I do not, however, wish to belittle the Ali's success in any way. Having moulded himself on the style of the stable jockey, Michael Beary, the Ali shapes extremely well, and his success has handsomely repaid Beary for the pains he has taken in coaching him.

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 11.

Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P.

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Hynes

It always surprises me when I see a list of "eligible bachelors" in the newspapers without Bob Boothby's name in it. Bob is thirty-three, and has a well-groomed uncouthness which ought to appeal to any girl. Add to that his flat in Pall Mall, his evident promise of a brilliant political future, his pleasant smile and his comfortable voice—and you have a very pleasant prospective husband.

Bob was educated at Eton and Magdalen, and was practising at the Bar in the autumn of 1923 when the present Under-Secretary of State for Scotland asked him why he did not go into politics. Bob said that he would be glad to lend a hand in the then forthcoming election. "Lend a hand?" said Noel Skelton, "Why don't you stand, yourself?" Bob said, "Well, I am twenty-three, and have no money and nobody wants me." Skelton said, "You take a toothbrush and the night train to Scotland and see Blair at the Unionist Association at Edinburgh." Bob did. They offered him the constituency of the Orkneys and Hebrides, where no Conservative had saved his deposit money for twenty years. Bob took it on, nearly got drowned and finally polled only eight hundred votes less than the other chap. East Aberdeenshire followed, and he has sat for this constituency of shrewd electors with an ever-increasing majority. (It is questionable, of course, whether they would re-elect him if his golf handicap reached double figures. But there is no danger of that.)

Bob has made three major mistakes in his life. The first was to become Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Winston Churchill against the wishes of Lord Beaverbrook. The second was continuously to make speeches in and out of the House of Commons of what he really thought—the result being that he has never been regarded as a good Party-man, and has incurred the displeasure of the powers-that-be (consequently he has never yet got office).

The third mistake was to say publicly, at Turriff, some years ago, that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was the ideal leader of the Labour Party, because he was incapable of expressing a coherent thought on any subject. This was quoted all over the country, and incurred the acute irritation of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, especially as Bob explained this statement by saying that "as none of the Labour Party agreed with each other, it was a good thing that they could interpret his remarks in any way they chose, which was just what kept the Labour Party together!" The Prime Minister has not spoken to him from that day to this. To-day Bob is a partner in the eminent stockbroking firm of Chase Henderson and Tennant. His prematurely greying hair on his solid round head (he has a very "good" head) may be seen even on Saturday in the City.

Finally, he is the only M.P. who ever went to sea with the herring fleets, and, despite all-night sea-sickness, ate five fried herrings next morning on the way back to port. What a man!

Sir John Dashwood photographed at West Wycombe Park, his place in Buckinghamshire

Lady Dashwood, Sir John Dashwood's Canadian wife, playing the old and favourite game of gate-swinging with her younger son, John, who is four this year

Lady Dashwood sets off in the dry-land boat with her family, Francis, Sarah, and John

Above are Sarah, who is nine, Francis, who was eight a fortnight ago, and John; and, on the left, are John, his mother, and the family pony

Summer Day Doings

The Dashwood Family at Home

Photographs by Swaebe

Aldershot Personalities—No. 7

Bt.-Major F. C. Bedwell, M.C., Assistant Military Secretary

• STANDING • BY . . .

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "THE BYSTANDERS"

THIS has been a vintage year for ballet; a strenuous year, too, keeping incorrigible old balletomanes like ourselves on the run between Sadler's Wells, the Alhambra, and the Savoy. We lost our hearts as utterly to Baranova, Riabouchinska, and Toumanova, as of yore to Karsavina, Lopokova, and the rest—and lost them all over again to Danilova, who in every degree fulfils our idea of what a Russian dancer should be. (Boy, fetch us six slippers and a magnum of Pol Roger!) So much ballet in the air has infected the "legit," with la Doble (allez oop!) to appear in *Ballerina*, and Holt Marvell's *Gay Hussar* telling the story of a dancer's romance in Imperial Russia, with a really red revolution staged in the Julian Wylie *Puss-in-Boots* manner. Frankly—and how frank we *can* be, when pushed to it!—the modernistic ballet does not set our blood racing; it is, as far as we are concerned, just so much "ballet-hoo." We never forgave Diaghilev for starting his coryphées doing setting-up exercises to the satirical discords of the Auric-Poulenc boys. Taglioni's elusive smile in the faded picture . . . Fanny Elssler clutching violets to her fur pelisse . . . Jacoby's big parades at the old Empire . . . the little dancer who was burned to death on the stage in Paris, the frail ashes of whose tarlatan you may still see in the Musée de l'Opéra . . . Compton Mackenzie's Jenny Pearl . . . the Karsavina of *Theatre Street* . . . paintings of Degas, drawings of Laura Knight . . . *Sylphides, Lac des Cygnes, La Belle au Bois Dormant* . . . Astafieva cursing her pupils in a sunlit room in Chelsea . . . that is the ballet. The rest is mere gymnastics, which may amuse the self-conscious young noodles of the day, but leaves us feeling as old as the gent with the egg-boiler.

Off Cap d'Antibes

A party arriving at Cap d'Antibes for luncheon. In front (l. to r.) are Rosie Dolly (Mrs. Netcher), Mrs. Roy Royston, Réné Fonjallaz; at the back (l. to r.), Messrs. Michael Arlen and Irving Netcher, Ethel Levey (Mrs. Grahame-White), and Eddy Dolly, brother of Rosie

Number Six of the twenty "Bystander" Cruise photographs in which the passenger within circle, when she discovers herself, gets a lucky guinea if she writes in and gives her name and address. The photograph was taken on the deck of the s.s Lapland, the famous Red Star ship

PROPRIETORS of a French medical preparation have found a new vehicle for advertisement. A young woman—very attractive, we hear—calls upon skin specialists; gives as her reason that she wishes to have a tattoo-mark removed from her. In order to display the said mark, she removes a modicum of underclothing—enough to get even

French skin-specialists, who must rank among the toughest of tough nuts, pretty worked up. Tattooed on her is the name of the proprietary medicine she 's out to advertise. Explanation she hands out is that the medicine in question cured her of a serious disease, and she had the name of the thing needled on her out of gratitude. As far as we can learn from our agents in French medical circles, no doctors have as yet been taken in by the yarn. Girl doesn't demand credence, however; her aim is simply to stamp the name of the article she advertises on the medical memory.

A friend of ours recently travelled to the East via Russia and the "Turksib" Railway. He knows some Russian, but not much. A notice that was posted up at level crossings bothered him a lot. "It is forbidden to —— here," it read, but he hadn't the knowledge to fill up the blank. On reaching his destination, he bought a Russian-English dictionary, and looked up the missing word. It was "daydream." Stories of Russia and Russians recall an adventure of our own which we have told before, and shall probably tell again as our dotage becomes more pronounced. Some few years after the war we visited Constantinople. The city was full of White Russians in a chronic state of exile. One evening, invited to a moonlight party on the Bosphorus, we found ourselves in a motor-launch, along with two Russian ladies, an ex-naval officer (Russian also), and several Turks. There was some singing, a little flirting, much indescribable champagne. Suddenly, towards dawn, the naval member of the party, who all along had shown very little enthusiasm for the expedition, jumped to his feet and flung himself overboard. There being some difficulty in disentangling the Turks from the ladies, we were left with the business of rescuing the Russian. This was complicated by the fact that he steadily refused to be interrupted in the process of drowning himself, and might have proved entirely unsuccessful had not the elderly Anatolian in charge of the engine leaned over and caught him a smart clip on the head with the boat-hook. The Russian was still unconscious when we left him at his lodgings. Next afternoon, though, he turned up at our hotel, pale and full of apology; explained that at the moment of throwing himself overboard he 'd felt that life was entirely without meaning. Whenever we think of this story, we seem to hear, faint but unmistakable, the sound of chaps chopping down cherry-trees.

By Robert Johnson

"Clifford! If you falls off them cliffs you don't get no tea!"

Chest—a—ton!

The latest photograph of G. K. Chesterton, the famous author. He sat to the camera-man during the heat-wave at his home in Beaconsfield

There are those who hope that, when the B.B.C. charter lapses in 1936, monopoly broadcasting will be replaced with a commercial system on American lines. Though commercial radio certainly sponsors some marvellous programmes, it also puts across stuff which would leave the averagely sensitive Englishman feeling faintly queasy. There is, for instance, something a little repulsive in the notion of undertakers using broadcast vaudeville programmes to boost their wares. Morticians are among the most remunerative customers of the American stations. In California, the funeral parlours compete furiously "over the air." Their programmes, to be quite fair, usually consist of light, sentimental music, but there are morticians of a livelier order who pep up their offerings with snappy dance tunes. One fellow sponsors a regular news-service, slipping in his coffin "ad." after each of the more tragic items.

Those United States, which have invented most of the crazy contests of the past decade, including dance marathons, eating bouts, and pole-sitting, have recently thought up a new one. It is known as the Battle Dance. Promoter takes a hall, hires two bands to appear, and sells tickets for the dance. The idea is that the bands compete with each other, and the dancers to see which can keep going longest. The winner gets a small prize, the loser nothing. Dancers generally win, though lately, in Texas, a band-pianist,

VIVE LE SPORT!

No. 5.—Mr. Cyril Tolley

SOME golfers groan
And grouse and moan
The whole round through,
For happiness
They can't express
But aye look blue—
Such melancholy
Is not for Tolley.

From tee to green
No scowl is seen
Upon his face;
When shots misfire
He shows no ire,
But with good grace
Keeps up a volley
Of quips, does Tolley.

His form is stout,
And there 's no doubt
His heart 's stout, too;
That 's why one reads
Of golfing deeds
Of derring-do,
For bright and jolly
Is Cyril Tolley!

B. W.

Lenare

Mrs. Jack D. Barclay of Chester Street, Belgravia, to whom a son (Anthony John) was recently born. Both she and her husband are well-known figures in the social world. Mr. Barclay, before his marriage, was a famous racing motorist often seen at Brooklands

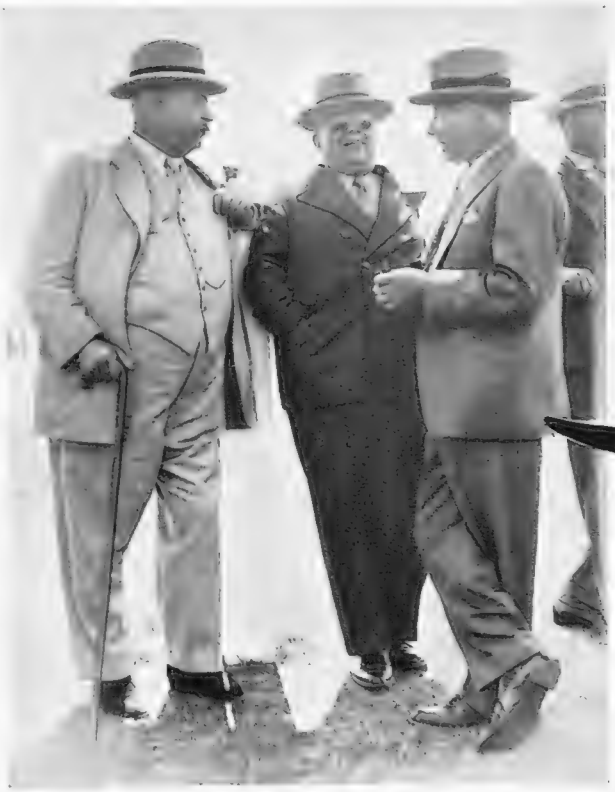
man of iron, kept it up till the dancers dropped, and the other band was sound asleep.

SOME weeks back, we described here the sense of cool superiority with which we welcome tousled travellers returning by train from the Continent. Since then, we have enjoyed, not for the first time, an experience less reassuring; we have waved good-bye to friends leaving Victoria for "abroad." The ordeal was, and always will be, hideous. The departing holiday-makers, taut with delight, stamped proudly about that platform along which, even on the most sultry day, a sea breeze seems unaccountably to blow. Pullman cars were heaped with flowers, magazines, cameras, tennis rackets, golf-bags, vivid hat-boxes, all the delicious apparatus of travel. An electric, slightly insolent, gaiety was in the air. A whistle was blown; there was a scramble; the train pulled out. A moment later, all that remained of the busy scene was a group of hotel "red caps" swapping tall stories of tips, the sumptuous baggage of an Indian prince (no, we do not mean the Maharanee!) which had somehow been left behind—and ourselves, pallid, bowler-hatted, immeasurably ignoble. Late that same afternoon, we saw an elderly gentleman lose his shoe in the Embankment Gardens: sun-softened asphalt gently pulled it off. The incident scarcely disturbed us, though. Our hearts were away with those happy travellers, laughing over bombe glacée of the premier service, as the train rocked gaily, nonchalantly, onwards towards Paris.

CHRISTOPHER STONE, broadcaster of gramophone records, is possibly the most popular man in this country—with obvious exceptions. He's chosen a simple road to popularity; all he does is to slither a gramophone needle on to a record, after boasting of his inability to pronounce the foreign title of the disc. Stone performs this little trick with sly humour, disregard of B.B.C. convention, and entire unconsciousness of the presence of the microphone. He has had plenty of time in which to perfect his methods, having broadcast, on the average, twice weekly for the past seven years. Strange thing is that he had been broadcasting for almost three years before listeners really noticed him. Now, however, he ranks among the half-dozen performers who can be sure of a national audience. It is probably true that, when he's on the air, more people stop talking than at any other time during the radio programmes. Christopher Stone is one of the few broadcasters who are not compelled to read their stuff from a censored manuscript. Bernard Shaw is another, Compton Mackenzie, Stone's brother-in-law, a third.

THE gramophonist's popularity is fantastic. Manufacturers besiege him to endorse their products. He has been badgered for years to appear on the music-hall stage. When he did so, at a charity affair, the applause that greeted him was deafeningly greater than that awarded to famous singers and comedians in the same programme. Newspapers and publishers pester him for reminiscences and for his opinions on every sort of subject. The oddest thing about the subject of this popularity is that he is no blond matinée idol; just a spectacled, cheerful chap in the late forties, who smokes a pipe all day, used to write poetry, weighs around 160 pounds, and, until ten years ago, regarded the gramophone as an invention of the Devil.

THE BYSTANDERS.



Lord Glanely, the Aga Khan, and the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas seen together at the Brighton race meeting

An impression by J. P. Davis of Gordon Harker as he appears in "Britannia of Billingsgate," in which, as a fish-lady's husband, he seems (in the film only) as a bit out of place—poor soul!

Second Thoughts on First Nights

An Appealing Belle

OLD memories, or, rather, melodious memories, if Mr. Herman Finck will allow us to use his phrase, are recalled by the revival of *The Belle of New York* at the Garrick Theatre, and we were back in fancy and infancy to 1898—can it be as long ago as that?—when the chimes of the Belle were first heard in London at the Shaftesbury Theatre.

IT was in that year that Edna May, as the Belle, "made the whole Bowery fragrant and flowery," and caused the hearts of the jeunesse-stage-dorée to go all of a flutter. It was in this production that a certain Mr. Lawton danced and whistled his way into popularity as a "mixed ale pugilist," and who later became the father of another actor, Frank Lawton, of *Young Woodley* fame; while a Mr. Sullivan caused unthinking audiences to split their sides at the depiction on the stage of the singularly unfunny subject of lunacy.

MEMORY fails us as to the names of the other members of that cast who performed in those distant days, and this revival at the Garrick does nothing to help; but what it recalls is the fact that *The Belle of New York* is set to music which has lived for thirty-five years, and is as bright and tuneful to-day as ever it was.

So tuneful, indeed, that it has created a coincidence. During the original production, our pleasure at the performance was marred by a gentleman in the audience, who had palpably looked upon the beer when it was brown, singing the songs at the same time as the principals—and he was no Caruso, believe me. At the Garrick the other evening, my next-door neighbour, a woman who had wasted her substance on the henna'd hair, did not add to my enjoyment by humming the songs!

STILL, when all is said and done, this is a compliment to the composer, whose name is, however, not considered of sufficient importance to figure on the Garrick programme. Let me add to the voluminous information therein given concerning the purveyors of shoes and champagne, clothes and cigarettes, and say that the name of the composer is Gustav Kerker, and I wish he were able to tickle our ears with some more of his melodies.

THAT the name of the author is also absent from the programme is not a matter of so much concern. Indeed, for some time after the curtain had risen, and not one word of the choruses could be detected, the horrid thought struck one that they had dated so much that this was intentional. Later on, however, this surmise was shattered. One *could* hear everything which was said, and to our horror we discovered that some of the dialogue had been brought up to date! In a year when bicycling was in vogue, and the cinema had not attempted to kill other forms of entertainment, it came as a shock to hear mention made of Rolls-Royces and Greta Garbos!

THIS is a mistake. *The Belle of New York* is a museum piece, and anachronisms such as these are as out of place as King Henry VIII. asking Cromwell to turn on the wireless.

FOR this revival there is a good all-round team at the Garrick. The polite lunatic of Laurie Wensley is so polite that he is singularly inoffensive. The quiet method of George Morgan, who plays the part of the hero's father, an impure leader of a Purity League, is effective, and his diction would have delighted the heart of the late W. S. Gilbert, in whose old theatre he now acts. Fred Rene is a clever dancer who can also make himself heard when singing, and it is these three who have the best chances in a cast full of eccentric characters.

AMONG the women two stand out prominently. Kathleen Burgis, as the Belle, made us not regret the past and played this unique heroine—unique in so far as she does not appear until towards the end of the first Act—with intelligence and charm, while Bertha Riccardo as Fifi Fricot—heavens! what a name!—made such a success that the audience would have been quite content to listen to nothing but her song, "La Belle Parisienne," and let the rest of the show go hang.

IN the dear dead days beyond recall, the notice "popular prices" acted as a warning that though the prices were popular, the play was not. There are popular prices at the Garrick, but the enthusiastic welcome of the audience given to this old musical comedy proves that nowadays both play and prices can be popular at the same time.

The Eyes Have It!

It must have been the attraction of the eyes which caused our caricaturist to depict Sydney Howard with Jessie Matthews as seen above. Unlike the usual pictures done in ink, the artist has here summoned to his aid some paper, a pair of scissors, a couple of eggs, and some nice shadows in order to achieve his purpose

Racing on the Downs

The Brighton August Meeting

Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, Lady Carnarvon, Sir Brograve Beauchamp, and Mr. Jack Clayton (back view), four regulars who went on to Brighton from Goodwood

Mrs. Leslie and Mr. A. Lyon-Clark "standing easy" between races. The August Bank Holiday, coming a week late, got this meeting wrong with the calendar, as it did Cowes Week

Above: Lord and Lady Durham at the Brighton Meeting, which is the second of the three racing events that make up the Sussex Fortnight

Left: Lord Hopetoun, Lord Linlithgow's elder son, and Miss Drummond, watching the numbers going up

Right: Miss Ferguson, Miss Grosvenor, and the Hon. Mrs. Jenkinson, photographed in the paddock on the first day of the meeting

Music and all That . . .

Cinema Organs—A Bathing Ballet

By "Melos"

Dorothy Wilding

Mary Ellis

Whose singing and acting as Freda in "Music in the Air," at His Majesty's Theatre, has done much to make this musical play one of the most attractive entertainments in London

A GENTLEMAN described as "the 'ace' of cinema organists" is about to descend on London. He comes from Canada, and his name is Don Baker.

If he were Don Giovanni, or Don Quixote the description could not be more impressive; should it not be impressive enough, he has a second one—"The Master of a Million Melodies." How Mr. Baker came to master a million melodies when there are not a million melodies to master and it would take, on a rough computation, about twenty years just to play them over if there were, I do not pretend to be able to explain. So we can take the "ace" as good enough.

THE technical ability of cinema organists—be they aces, kings, queens, or merely knaves—is as astonishingly high as their artistic taste is low. They have to be masters of their complicated instruments, and, although anyone who can play the organ at all can get acquainted with the most formidable of cinema organs in less than a week, they must be pretty nippy.

In intellectual ability they are divided into two sections—(i) those who do dreadful things because they like doing them and know no better, and (ii) those who are sensitive musicians but plead that if they did not play on the full organ, with an unceasing tremulant, or churn out the "hottest" of jazz without any attempt at an organ touch, they would get the sack, for that is what the public like. Many church organists, who really are serious musicians and play instead in cinemas because they get about six times the salary, put up this argument.

IT is quite a fallacious one. It has no more soundness in it than the defence of certain seaside band-masters to my recent criticism of the piffle they give their audiences. The public do *not* like undiluted tripe, either inside or outside a cinema. The unmusical public do not care twopence what is played and, indeed, don't know what is being played. The rest have much more intelligent ideas about these things than is supposed by those who cater for them.

A CINEMA organ and a cathedral organ are quite different, with different purposes. We do not want Bach fugues, etc., in cinemas. One of the most incongruous sights in the whole of my experience was that of a very distinguished cathedral organist who, in the sweet cause of charity, consented to give a short recital in a cinema. With coloured lights playing on him the poor man was shot up from the depths with his key-boards, looking terrified. He then played Bach on a huge organ he did not know, bringing in the subject and counter-subject of his fugue on stops designed to imitate sleighbells, horses' hoofs, frying eggs, etc. A ghastly fiasco.

But there is a happy medium. With a few notable exceptions, cinema organists are wasting a fine opportunity by not giving to an enormous section of the public the music it would appreciate.

THE success of the Russian Ballet at the Alhambra is phenomenal. Again and yet again the season has been extended for a week. Now it has been decided to extend it indefinitely.

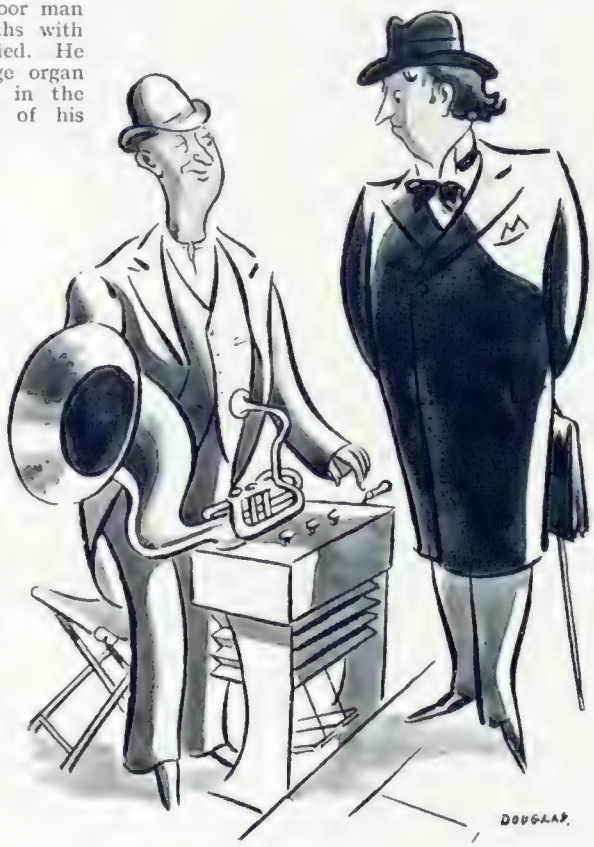
That means that it will be some time before we shall see the old theatre rebuilt. For my part, I shall believe in the passing of the Alhambra when I see workmen starting to hack at it, and not before.

A heat-wave of exceptional severity, the fashionable, and plenty of the unfashionable, world out of London, an entertainment which makes no concession to low-brows and has in it none of the elements of what is conventionally known as popular appeal, and prices that are not cheap—here is a formidable array of reasons why a large theatre should not be full. Yet full it contrives to be at each performance. There could be no better tribute to the good taste of English music-lovers in general and ballet-lovers in particular.

THE latest novelty is topical, if tantalising. *Beach* is a seaside ballet after the fashion of *Le Train Bleu*, which was done in the Diaghileff days. But there is not much basking about it. Highly trained ballet-dancers are not paid merely to bask. So M. Massine, whose choreography it is, keeps 'em jumping about a bit.

But for a vague suggestion of mythology, *Beach* is a succession of the permutations and combinations (in the terpsichorean sense) of youth and maidens in swimming suits and beach pyjamas. All of it mighty pleasant. Mlle. Baronova and M. Lichine supply the classic beauty of pose. Mlle. Riabouchinska, with a brilliant sense of character rare in dancers of the very front rank, who are apt to be somewhat gloomily graceful, appears as a *chasseur*—a Puck-like little person.

The *décor* is the sort of stuff one sees on the walls of a modern cocktail bar, and M. Francaix's music matches it. This music has the merit of not being pretentious; but instead of being witty it is just odd.



"Well, I blows with me mouth and I pumps with me feet, but, seein' as 'ow you're a fellow hartist, I really plays it with this little 'andle!"

Real luxury coupled with lasting economy means a V8

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Idols in Wood: No. 9. Pictures and Pelf

Mr. Augustus John, R.A., the famous painter, and the Rt. Hon. Montagu Norman, P.C., the mystery money-spinner of the Bank of England, are the two victims S. D. Banks has caricatured in carving. Standing about twenty inches high, these figures are carved and coloured by hand; the originals are on sale

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

In Praise of Scotland

I SUPPOSE the present time of year can be described as the out-season of golf. True, there are many and varied holiday competitions taking place all over the country, but these are of little actual golfing importance and competitors are scarcely all-out when they compete. There is that holiday feeling about which makes the occasion much more of a day in the country than the serious work of Championship events.

Curiously enough, however, this is not the case in all districts, for at this time of year the clubs in the North of Scotland run their annual Open Amateur Tournaments. These, quite definitely, are competitive golf of the first class, for they draw entries not only from the best golfers in Scotland, but also from England, Ireland, and abroad: they are played on courses which will bear comparison with the classic links on which the Championships themselves are played, and their conditions are such that they favour not merely good golf but also most enjoyable rounds.

Our golfing correspondent in this week's article suggests that visitors to Scotland for fishing should take some time off to sample the Scotch courses. Walter Hagen, the famous American golfer, seems to have reversed the process, as seen above

AS far as the courses are concerned, it is only necessary for me to say that the principal Tournaments take place every year at Lossiemouth, Nairn, and Dornoch. Any of my readers who may have visited these places will know how good all three golf courses are. I admit I am biased when I say that my favourite most certainly is Nairn: but there is a lot to be said for this contention, since Nairn combines the most magnificent views across the Moray Firth with golf of the very highest class. Since last year the Nairn Club very wisely decided to spend a certain amount of money and get water to all the greens. The only trouble that Nairn has had in the past few years has been this lack of water available for the greens, with the inevitable result that in the droughts which we have experienced, it has been difficult to keep the greens up to the standard of the rest of the course. But the Nairn Club is enterprising, and this enterprise should be rewarded. I hope to visit Nairn very shortly and to see for myself the difference that this new addition to the amenities of both visiting and home golfer alike has made. If Nairn had greens of the quality of those at Hoylake, for instance (and there is no real reason why, with a little trouble, skill and care, Nairn should not), then, in my humble opinion, the course would be as great as any sea-side golf course on which I have ever played.

LOSSIEMOUTH also is great fun, but I always feel that it is rather spoilt by the sudden change from sea-side turf, after the first few holes, to inland turf until the last few holes again, which are played parallel to the first few.

DORNOCH, I think, can be described more as great fun than as great golf. It is usually in beautiful condition, and the holes call for really skilful shots, but all the same, it has not quite that quality which, to my mind, may be found particularly at Nairn and also at Lossiemouth.

THESE Tournaments attract entries which are notable for class: international golfers appear as if by magic to spend their holidays at these places, and during them they take in the Tournaments. This is not surprising, for the conditions are so admirable.

On the first day—I am talking of the Nairn Tournament at the moment, but the others are run in the same way—all the competitors play two medal rounds. The first sixteen in this medal competition play off by match play on the following two days for the Trophy. The next sixteen also play off by match play for a secondary prize, and there are also bogie competitions for the unsuccessful. In other words, everyone gets a lot of fun whether he desires to play himself or whether he prefers to watch the stars of the first sixteen. It is noticeable that this form of golf usually manages to find a worthy winner of the Trophy, and there have been many famous names amongst those who have won the Nairn Tournament. These include Tony Torrance, Jack Bookless, the late Jack Birnie, Dr. William Tweddell, F. A. Fairlie, the late G. C. Manford, C. K. Hutchison, and others.

The success of these Tournaments is due not merely to the pleasant conditions, but also very largely to the excellent spirit in which they are played. Those frightful faults of Championship golf—green crawling, rule baiting, and so on—are entirely and absolutely unknown. It does not take you well over three hours to get round the course even on the qualifying day, and when you have qualified you will find in your partner a pleasant individual who, although he will certainly ask you to hole the doubtful putts, and possibly those that you yourself think are not at all doubtful, yet will always be prepared to applaud a good shot on your part and will, in fact, play the game in that friendly spirit in which it should always be played, even though the event be a Championship round.

MANY of those who are reading this article have doubtless already experienced the joys of these Northern Open Tournaments, and will be able to corroborate my words. But I would strongly urge all those who have never been up to the North of Scotland at this time, or who have gone there yet confined their attention solely to shooting and fishing, to take a few days off from such pursuits, excellent though they be, in order to play in these Tournaments. And I urge you for this very good reason: you will be playing golf in ideal circumstances, to be found, unfortunately, only too seldom elsewhere. The golf is very friendly, but none the less fierce, for all that; the spectators are all golfers themselves, and prepared to give those whom they may want to watch an opportunity of playing; the courses, as I have said, are quite excellent, and under these conditions the competitor is somehow inspired to play that stroke or two better than his normal game which makes all the difference between a good holiday and an indifferent one.

Guy Jamieson, of the Cambridge Golf Union, with Miss Barbara Steele on the links at North Berwick

Right: J. B. Murrin, the groundsman. Twenty-eight years of Canterbury welking, worming, and weeding

A. Lancaster, the Secretary, who is always chained to his office during this festive week

Woolley waiting in the slips

"Tich" Freeman bowling as you like it

A. P. F. Chapman, the rose without a thorn, becomes somewhat Falstaffian

C. S. Marriott was all much ado about nothing

Hardinge, as Portia, rushing about the field

Canterbury's Grand Cricket Week

Thanks to the hot spell, our artist, H. H. Harris, became slightly mixed up with mixed drinks between the cricket and the costume play, "The Rose Without a Thorn," performed by the Old Stagers at night

Below: Colonel and Mrs. Leonard Ropner "on their mats," the orange mattresses with which everyone on the Roc marks off their own particular place in the sun. Mrs. Ropner was Miss Esmé Robertson; she and her husband spent part of their honeymoon at Antibes last year

Mrs. Eric Davis' is one of the English contingent on the Roc. Her husband is Capt. Eric Davis, R.N. Mrs. Davis is an expert ski-er and, snow being at a discount on the Riviera, she uses the sea instead, and skis behind a speed-boat

A Place in the Sun

At Eden Roc and Cannes

Right: Lady Findlay on the Carlton Beach, at Cannes. She is the wife of Sir John Findlay, who owns Aberlour, in Banffshire, where they will both be going as soon as grouse-shooting starts

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge look as if they had the right sort of Roc tan. They were married this summer; Mrs. Bainbridge was Miss Peggy Barnard

Right: Mr. Leonard Govett and Mr. John Finley, who motored out from London, doing their first bit of sun-bathing on the Roc. They are with their hostess, Mrs. Wrenn du Pont, who has a villa out there

Taking Fre

The Bank Holiday We

Mrs. Boyce Combe, her son, Mr. Simon Combe, Miss Lindley, and the Hon. Mrs. Simon Combe sitting by the swimming-pool. The Hon. Mrs. Combe is Viscount Coke's daughter, and married Mr. Simon Combe last year

Above: the Marquess of Cambridge, Mrs. George Kidson, Mrs. Bridges, and Mr. Donald Stoneham were four units of the English invasion that Le Touquet expects —and gets—in August

Above: Major and Mrs. Mirless, Lady Langton, and Sir George Langton were energetic enough to play golf in spite of the heat wave, and were photographed before their round

Right: Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Kenyon, Mr. C. T. Bennett, Mrs. T. A. Benskin, Commander Benskin, Mr. G. T. Kenyon, and Colonel Benskin, all waiting for their before-lunch cocktails

Under an Umbrella is the Right Place before Lunch

Miss Kitty Combe m the swimming-bath bel steps. Mr. Peter Yo

ench Leave

eek-end at Le Touquet

Getting warm in the sun before getting cool in the pool: Sir Anthony Weldon, Miss Dorothy Hyson, Mr. Terence Weldon, Miss Lisa Maugham, Mr. Peter Thursby, and Mr. Derek Morby

makes a big effort to leave ehind her without using the orke is helping—or isn't he?

Above: Mrs. Ian Hay Beith, "Ian Hay's" good-looking wife, was another of the swimming-pool regulars while she was over at Le Touquet

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Eion Merry watching the bathers. Mr. Merry, who is in the Blues, and Miss Jean Crichton, as she then was, were married last May

Westminster Whispers

Round the Constituencies: No. 3. South Devon and Dorset

By
"BIG BEN"
on Tour

Sketches by David Wilson

TO most people, I suppose, South Devon means the seaside anywhere between Dartmouth and Lyme Regis, with the sea and the sky the colours they are painted on the poster, the flowers as gay, the sand as yellow. If you don't know the English Riviera, you may not believe it. You may be incredulous that such colours can be found in England. But it is true. The great Napoleon himself was forced to exclaim: "It is beautiful. I should delight to live there."

Now, I am second to none in my admiration for it. I could spend days sauntering round the coast. I could spend days in-shore; there are the rivers to explore, all Dartmoor to wander over. But, to me, South Devon is Plymouth.

IN the history of Plymouth is the whole story of England. It has gone round the world so that, to millions of people to whom Plymouth is just a name, there is only one Hoe, one Barbican, one Sound, as there is only one Drake, one Raleigh, one Hawkins.

TO-DAY there is only one Lady Astor. What a compliment the town paid to the New World when it sent as the first woman to Westminster an American. In the old days, the great adventurers were all Members of Parliament: Sir John Hawkins, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, each at some time represented Plymouth in the House of Commons. Lady Astor is in the tradition, for she is a great adventurer, too.

SHE has the qualities—courage, generosity, faith. She can fight, and she never knows when she is defeated. She will never give in. She has many friends; she is too vital not to have many enemies. She is criticised, but then she talks as much as any other woman, and if her conversation gets into the papers, that is not her fault. She has been in Parliament now for fifteen years, and never held office; but she has made herself as famous as any Cabinet Minister, and more famous than most.

SHE has never forgotten that her success is Plymouth's. Yet, in her own country, she dared to say that all the best work in the world has been done by maiden ladies. Does she believe that—for hasn't she also said: "I have neglected my husband and children for Plymouth. But I don't regret it"?

IN 1918 the old two-membered constituency of Plymouth was carved into three separate divisions: Sutton, Drake, and Devonport. Lady Astor sits for Sutton, Captain Freddie Guest for Drake, Mr. Hore-Belisha for Devonport. Captain Guest's brother, now Lord Wimborne, fought Plymouth in '98. He got in in 1900, unopposed, succeeding Sir Edward Clarke, and sat for this double-barrelled constituency up till 1906, with the present Lord Merrivale as the other Member. In 1931 Captain Guest came down from Bristol, where he was defeated in 1929 by a Socialist, thanks to the intervention of a so-called official Liberal, and Drake gave him a majority of thirteen thousand.

CAPTAIN GUEST has, in his time—he was born in '75 and fought his first election in 1906—contested seven different seats in six different counties. He always has been fond of travelling. Once he has been unseated on petition. He was a Liberal until 1930, when he joined the Conservatives, who naturally welcomed the convert by finding him a seat which had a Tory tradition behind it of nineteen years. But then, in 1929, he had attacked Mr. Lloyd George, whose Chief Whip he was from 1917 to 1921. He is not very often in the Commons these days, but a man with his record of public service—he has been Air Minister—may be excused.

THE third of the Plymouth trio is Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, the coming man of the present Parliament, who has been for so long the rising young politician that one forgets he is now only forty. He once described himself as a Tory

Bolshevik, but he thinks of himself as a Liberal Disraeli. His chief dangers are his quick mind and his caustic tongue. Perhaps at Aix-les-Bains, where he has gone for his holiday, Mr. Baldwin will instruct him in the art of simplicity?

MANY years ago, he introduced a Bill in the Commons to forbid Members' donations in their constituencies. Alas! it died an early death, it was too good to live; but he himself has practised what he preached without detriment to his career. Wherein there lies a moral.

HIS political life has been one long fight for Devonport Dockyard. Now that he is a Minister, he is deprived of his chief battle-cry, but the spirit which made him, during his first campaign, threaten to knock the owner of slum houses down, when he met him, to show his opinion of him, will continue to carry him on.

WHAT of the future? He made the Liberal National Party. He is its controller still. But eventually he may be forced to join the Conservatives. If he does, he may lack the stamina to stay the course. Yet he spoke brave words when he said: "I seek nothing from marriage. I do not hope to find a woman who will delight my eyes or smooth my path. I hope to find someone much more romantic, much more satisfying. I hope to find myself." He is a bachelor, and Devonport has over twenty thousand women electors.

PLYMOUTH may have outshone the neighbouring countryside, but it is from there that it has drawn its seamen and its shipbuilders. There is no antagonism between the two. Nor can Exeter feel jealous of what, to her, is still an upstart. Her own history goes back to Roman days. Exeter is aloof. It sends Exeter men to Westminster. Lord Merrivale, who, in a famous fight, it elected by a single vote in ten thousand; Sir Robert Newman, who found Party ties so irksome that he became an Independent, and, as such, sent an official Conservative away with a flea in his ear; to-day Exeter elects Mr. Reed.

MR. DREWE, Major Harvey, and Mr. Charles Williams, who look after the interests of all the good people who look after us in Sidmouth and Exmouth, Paignton, Dartmouth, and Teignmouth when we are on holiday, are three Devonians. Mr. Williams, who is never at loss for a word—he sits, appropriately enough, for Torquay—seizes every opportunity in the House of keeping his county to the fore. He succeeds remarkably well. "In all the House of Commons institutions," he said the other day, "I have tried to take my part." There is no doubt about that.

MR. MARK PATRICK, who, sitting for Tavistock, looks after Princetown and the prison of Dartmoor, is a Hampshire man. But he may well redound to Devon's credit. He was only elected in 1931, and had never fought an election before, being a Foreign Office official; and he already has his foot on the ladder. As Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Samuel Hoare, he has to keep silence on India, but you may read what he thinks about Russia, and, incidentally, ourselves, in his book *Hammer and Sickle*.

WHY have I included Dorset in my tour of South Devon? You may well ask if I am not content as it is. I am; but I could not resist for another week the enticement of Lulworth, and besides, Dorset and Devon are closely akin. A great tract of what is now Devon used to be Dorset, the Exeter Bishopric runs into Dorset, and Thomas Hardy has joined the two together for all time.

PEACEFUL the Dorsetshire people have always been, even, on occasions, at the price of honour. But there was a first-class squabble at the last election in the Eastern Division, between Mr. Glassey, the Liberal National, and Mr. Hall Caine, the Conservative, whom he had turned out, after seven years' service, in 1929. Even Lord Alington's threats were of no avail; Mr. Hall Caine would not stand down, and in the end he was elected by two thousand. He is a son of the Manx writer, and a brother of the ex-Socialist, National Labour Knight. His Hall-mark means a lot to him. He lives at Maidenhead.

LORD CRANBOURNE, Major Colfax, and Mr. Hanbury all live in Dorset. It goes without saying that any constituency that can get hold of a Cecil is fortunate, North or South. Major Colfax left North Dorset to represent his own home people in the West. Mr. Hanbury, after two beatings, scraped in in 1924 and 1929, to romp in in 1931. His place in the South of France is a resort of tired Cabinet Ministers and H. G. Wells.

Next Week:

Hampshire

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

Percy Quilter
Double Scratch

MEMBERS of the Stock Exchange don't have the chance to take holidays as seriously as, according to all that 's written about them, Members of the Westminster "Club" do. Most of them don't have more than a paltry three weeks or month in which to stiffen their sinews, tan their shoulders, and forget their troubles. However, conversation is running a good deal on, "Where are you going?"—"Where have you been?" lines, and we might have worked up a pretty extensive survey of Stock Exchange holiday activities. But it has been too hot, and Scotland has been about the only place we could bear to hear anyone talking about.

SIR WILLIAM SAVORY is one of the people who are going North: he is off to Aberdeenshire. He comes from Scotland, and so does his wife. He is a Lowlander, so doesn't wear a tartan, but he does wear the Black Watch plaid, and tells the story of how it is the blackest of all the plaids because it used to keep the watchers camouflaged as well as warm who were on guard at night against the wild Highland cattle-raiders. Four generations of Sir William Savory's family have been, or are, connected with "Bart's." He himself is a governor, and so was his father; his grandfather was senior surgeon there, and his daughter is now at the famous hospital, doing clerical work.

ANOTHER member who has been getting a Scotland look on his face is "Jim" Selby. He is taking Zoute on his way, and then goes North to shoot. He is a pretty good shot, and a very keen one; he always stands in a sort of shooting-stick attitude, even in the House, which shows that his mind must often be flighting after grouse and partridges and pheasants. He is a most good-natured man, and a continual round of ragging goes on in his corner of the market, generally at his expense, but he never minds being the butt of no matter how much nonsense.

PERCY QUILTER is a crack shot, and scratch at golf, so he doesn't have to think far to know what to do with his spare time. Shooting evidently runs in his family, for his brother, Sir Cuthbert Quilter, is another of the cracks. He is also a brother of Roger Quilter, the well-known song-writer. "P. Q." is well over six foot, and one of his two partners, Anthony Hanbury, who, incidentally, has a wife who is a very good sculptress of children and dogs, is just as tall. And there is a clerk in the firm who is the same height. This is bad luck on them in one way: being brokers, it means that, if they have to deal cleverly for sticky clients, or "for the country," they can't get round the market without being noticed. Every one of the three of them is sure to be spotted if he is going round to see what 's doing, and if a close deal is essential, this makes life much more difficult.

CLAUDE SEROCOLD shoots regularly from now onwards, starting in Scotland, and working South. We ought to have written him up when we were talking about the seafaring men of the House, as he has a master's certificate, as well as being a member of the R.Y.S. and owning the Valdora. She is a motor-yacht, and is a beautiful boat, both in looks and performance, but her owner doesn't think she is quite fast enough.

STORIES of the week include one about a clerk who was taken into partnership in his firm and was being congratulated on his step up. His felicitator concluded by saying cryptically: "I suppose they can't afford to pay you your salary any more."

Sir William Savory
Watching for night raiders

"Jim" Selby
Where's the shooting-stick?

HOLIDAY DIALOGUE—

First Member: "Where are you going for your holidays?"

Second Member: "Ireland, I think."

First Member: "Why go there? It 's always damp, and it 's full of Roman Catholics."

Stranger (*who has overheard*): "Oh, then, go to Hell, where you 'll find it quite dry, and no R.C.s."

DEPRESSION dialogue: Broker comes up to jobber and asks him to make a price. Jobber makes a price. Broker complains that the price is too wide. Jobber explains that, as it 's August, the market is difficult, and says that "jobbers must live." Broker replies: "Yes, but you needn't live entirely off me."

CRAVEN "A"

If the cigarette you now smoke causes throat-irritation, change to Craven "A." Test the smoothness, coolness and *particularly* the absence of throat-irritation distinguishing Craven "A" from all other cigarettes. Immaculately packed and sealed-fresh in moisture-proof "Cellophane", Craven "A" never vary.

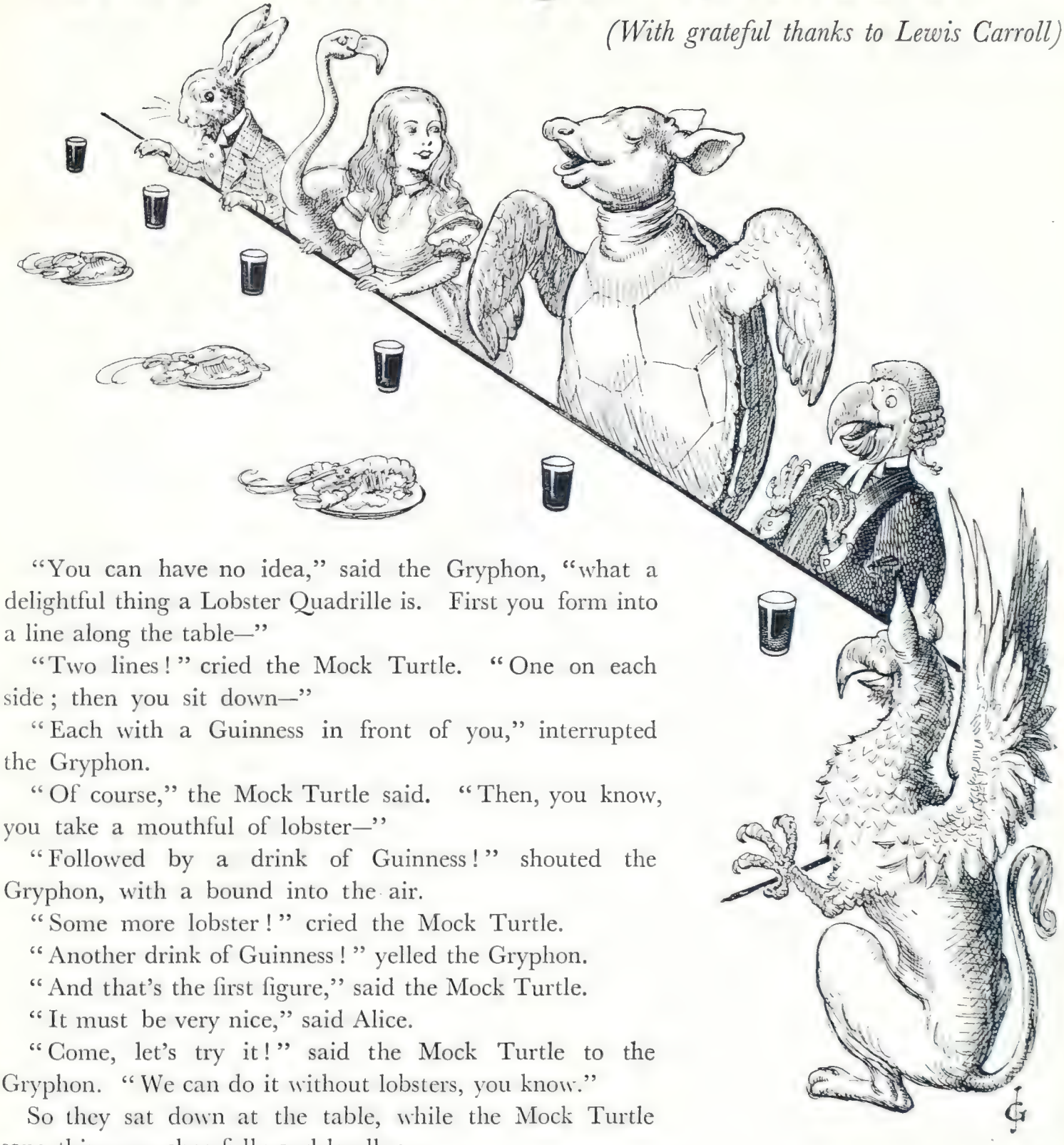
FOR OVERSEAS *in The Patent "TRUVAC" Tin (50's).*

BY FRANK SHERWIN

"Escapade"

LOBSTER QUADRILLE

(With grateful thanks to Lewis Carroll)



"You can have no idea," said the Gryphon, "what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is. First you form into a line along the table—"

"Two lines!" cried the Mock Turtle. "One on each side; then you sit down—"

"Each with a Guinness in front of you," interrupted the Gryphon.

"Of course," the Mock Turtle said. "Then, you know, you take a mouthful of lobster—"

"Followed by a drink of Guinness!" shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.

"Some more lobster!" cried the Mock Turtle.

"Another drink of Guinness!" yelled the Gryphon.

"And that's the first figure," said the Mock Turtle.

"It must be very nice," said Alice.

"Come, let's try it!" said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. "We can do it without lobsters, you know."

So they sat down at the table, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very cheerfully and loudly:—

"Will you pour a little Guinness?" said the gourmet to his friend.
"There's a purpose in my question that I think you will commend.
"No drink could be more suitable with lobsters such as these
"That are waiting on the table—will you pass the Guinness, please?
"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you pass the Guinness, please;
"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you pass the Guinness, please?"

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Hilarity and History: By A. G. Macdonell

"HAG'S HARVEST" (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is Mr. J. B. Morton at his most magnificently uproarious. For five hundred pages he sustains a huge, noisy, flamboyant joke, and the pressure is never allowed to flag for a moment. The gusto and the nonsense and the energy of it are positively in the school of Rabelais, without any of that master's more characteristic descents down the moral ladder. *Hag's Harvest* is a straight riot. Three weirdly assorted men go out together to find the ugliest woman in the world. The three are the gigantic, roaring Shindillar, a poet called Hawkes, and an entertaining old rogue with a never-ending thirst, called Captain Mac Regatta. It was Shindillar who started it, for he was utterly sick of modern pretty-pretties, and simpering sulkies, and the incessant glorification of "beautiful débutantes." The Quest of the Hag takes the three men to strange places. They visit Madrid and Algiers; they explore the native quarter of Algiers; they join a holiday cruise on a liner; they find a Turk in Constantinople who had played cricket for Harrow, Cambridge and Warwickshire. They start a Beauty Parlour in Stamboul, and their treatment consists of smearing their clients' faces with ordinary mud from the Bosphorus. A great sensation is caused and they soon make a fortune. But all the time Shindillar is looking out vigilantly for his ideal of ugliness. Sometimes his hopes rise, only to be dashed by some unexpected gleam of beauty that redeems an otherwise hideous face. But at last comes important news. Somewhere in Bucovina, in Northern Roumania, a Caucasian witch is living in a cave, a young girl of quite unbelievable repulsiveness. At this point Mr. Morton lays aside his uproariousness for a bit, and gives us a fascinating description of Shindillar's journey by sea to Custenje and past the desolate steppe of Bessarabia, and through the Dobruja and Moldavia, and into the great beech-forests of the South Carpathians. They find the witch at last, and she comes up to all their expectations. She is unquestionably a winner, and they cart her off in triumph to London, where she makes an enormous hit by masquerading as a Georgian princess and telling fortunes.

Underneath all this torrent of fantasy there is a steady current of witty comment, of ironical asides, and sometimes of savage satire. Mr. Morton is not a one-weapon man. He is just as expert with a blunt instrument as with a Ferrara blade or a hob-nailed boot, and he uses all three impartially. And sometimes he drops all his weapons and becomes a poet. The scenes between Hawkes and the Russian girl are pure poetry, and not all Mr. Morton's roaring will persuade me that they are not. *Hag's Harvest* is unique, for it is the first prodigiously long novel that is consistently and prodigiously funny. In these days a hearty laugh is not a thing to be sneezed at, so to speak.

EX-KINGS seem to have far more news value than their more fortunate cousins who have not had to nip out of the postern-gate of the palace, what time the populace are throwing half-bricks at the front windows. The ex-Kaiser gets far more publicity than, say, the King of Italy, and ex-Empress Zita than the Queen of Holland. Dr. Otto Ernst has collected all these tumbled monarchs into one volume, *Kings in Exile* (Jarrolds; 18*s.*). It is an interesting book, but rather melancholy. There are two reasons for regretting the passing of monarchy. The Romantic feels sad at the vanishing of so much splendour and pomp and pageantry. When a monarchy falls, it brings down with it a host of ancient customs and brilliant uniforms and great traditions. The Realist sighs because he knows the cost of a Presidential election, and the corruption and graft that are inseparable from it in most countries, and the dislocation of trade and the discontinuity of policy that accompany it. The Kaiser, the first of Dr. Ernst's kings, was undoubtedly a pest, but he was rather exceptional, and those who are red-hot Republicans and insist upon the vast superiority of, let us say, the Swiss Constitution over the late Sultan, are always exceedingly careful to forget the record of South America, and Mexico, with its fifty-two Presidents in fifty-four years. There is something to be said for Monarchy, perhaps, after all. Dr. Ernst's book is illustrated with a number of excellent photographs.

A snapshot of Miss Doris and Miss June Langley-Moore, in garden-party dress. Miss Doris Langley-Moore wrote "The Technique of the Love Affair," which was published anonymously a year or two ago

SOME little time ago, that versatile gentleman, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, had a bit of trouble with the authorities over the publication of his reminiscences of the Secret Service during the war. He has now written a skit upon the Secret Service called *Water on the Brain* (Cassell; 7*s.* 6*d.*) In a note at the beginning, Mr. Mackenzie is very careful to insist that the entire book is wholly imaginary: "The burnt child dreads the fire. Hence this fireproof disclaimer."—And then he plunges into the wildest extravaganza, all about an ex-Major of Dragoons who is roped into the Secret Service, and disguised as a Covent Garden banana-importer. The fun is fast and furious, but there is one unfortunate point, and that is Mr. Mackenzie's omission to tell us what it is all about. It is all so mysterious that we are never enlightened. What Major Blenkinsop was supposed to be doing is not divulged, and the reader, in the intervals of being heartily amused, is in a complete fog. Mr. Mackenzie has been so preoccupied in kicking the Secret Service, in punching it, in thumping, thwacking, banging, hammering the Secret Service, in tripping it up and jumping on it with both feet, that he has quite forgotten to put a story in. The result is that the joke begins to pall before the end.

MORE versatile even than Mr. Mackenzie is Mr. Hilaire Belloc, whose *Tactics and Strategy of the Great Duke of Marlborough* (Arrowsmith; 10*s.* 6*d.*) has just come out. Mr. Belloc has an unrivalled gift of explaining, in the most lucid of phrases, why and how a battle was fought, and what the battlefield looked like. His military knowledge is very great, but even more important in this business of explaining a technical subject to a layman is his eye for country. Military history written as Mr. Belloc does it can be as exciting as any thriller. The Duke of Marlborough was regarded as an equal by Napoleon, and his campaigns are masterpieces. "He never fought a battle which he did not win, and he never besieged a place which he did not take." Mr. Belloc describes the four great battles, Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. But even more interesting is the game of strategical chess which Marlborough played against the French Marshal Villars in 1711. Villars was behind a long, fortified line, and how Marlborough, to break through, had to persuade him that the British were forty miles away from the danger-spot when they were actually arriving at it, is described in Mr. Belloc's matchless prose.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Elizabeth Ivimey

MISS DIANA WYNYARD wears a jester hat made of black elastic ribbon with a great air of chic. Her dress of heavy black crêpe has white elastic ribbon at the neck and sleeves, and her smart black gloves are smocked at the wrists. At present Miss Wynyard is on a yacht in the Adriatic enjoying a well-earned holiday, but early in September she returns to Hollywood to fulfil an important engagement

Fine Lingerie

1. This white crêpe-de-Chine slip is cut on slimming lines and is charmingly embroidered. White House

2. A completely backless chemise trimmed with lace is designed for evening wear and has drawers to match. Woollands

3 & 4. Crêpe chiffon, which washes beautifully, and needle-run lace make these evening drawers and brassiere. White House

5. A shaped band of pink satin and scalloped pink georgette legs make these attractive drawers from Woollands

6. This nightgown and cape are made of pink crêpe chiffon trimmed with pin-tucks and embroidery. White House

7. Yellow washing chiffon with hand-appliquéd motifs of cream net make an attractive chemise and drawers. White House

8. Here is the back view of a charming nightgown made of pink crêpe Suzette and racine lace. It comes from Woollands

9. Pink georgette cami-knickers trimmed with lace are cleverly cut with flared panels. Woollands

6
7
8
9
McGuinness

Between-Season's Offer

VELVET GOWNS
Three New Styles

SPECIAL
Between-Season PRICES

Advance styles for the Autumn Season offered at special prices to keep our workrooms busy during August.

VELVET is the vogue for the coming autumn Season, and the Gowns reproduced herewith delightfully interpret this latest trend of fashion.

THESE models are designed on those long, slimming lines so becoming to the figure of fuller proportion.

"ROSA." Charming Tea Frock, made in soft velvet, introducing the cape sleeves and jabot, finished at back with self tie. In good range of colours and Black. Special price 98/6
O.S. 21/- extra.

"MEG." Useful Tea Frock made in soft velvet, depicting the new sleeves and hand veining at neck, finished self belt. In good variety of colours, also Black. Special price - - - - - 98/6
O.S. 21/- extra.

"LAURETTE." Useful two-piece Tea Frock made in rich Faconné velvet over a Japanese silk slip, possessing a sleeveless under-dress, cut on diagonal lines, and complementary coatee. In good variety of colours and Black. Special price 7½ gns.
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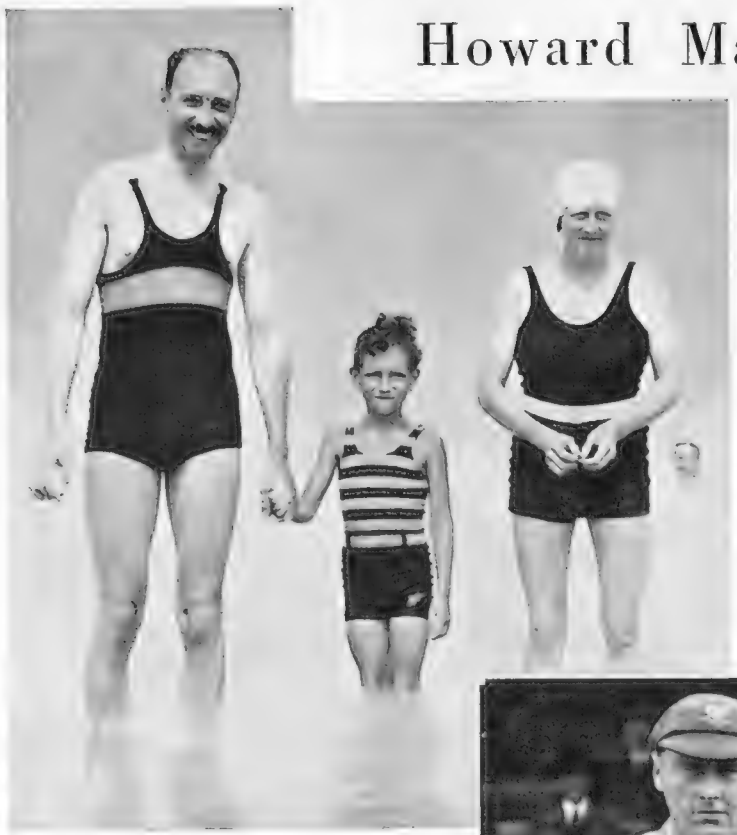
Howard Marshall on Cricket

An Optimistic Survey



P. G. H. Fender, with his son and wife, take the sea at Birchington. His recuperation from a recent indisposition was sufficiently advanced to allow him to make a century for Surrey against Notts at the Oval

Below: Bowley, the Sussex professional, who created a County record by knocking up, with John Langridge, 490 runs against Middlesex for the first wicket. His individual score was 283

FINE cricketing weather we 're having, and have had for most of the summer. Not the sort of weather, certainly, which encourages pessimists; it is enough for most of us to sit in the sunshine and count our blessings.

I propose, therefore, to be cheerful, and, first of all, there is the M.C.C. team for the Indian tour to be considered. Very rightly, the M.C.C. have not underrated the prowess of the Indians. I daresay they remember that astonishing Saturday at Lord's last summer, when the burly Mahomed Nissar shot out Holmes and Sutcliffe with the first and last balls of his second over, and in twenty minutes England had lost three wickets for nineteen runs.

D. R. Jardine saved England from disaster in that match, but All India did enough to frighten us rather badly. There is no doubt that the Indians brought over some players who would be extremely formidable in their own country. Amar Singh was one, a supple, clever bowler of the Tate school, and Nayudu, Colah, and Wazir Ali were all batsmen of exceptional skill. Colah was not particularly successful over here, but his forcing strokes in front of the wicket were full of menace, and on Indian pitches he might well trounce the finest bowling we can send against him. What is more, several of the best players in India were unable to make the journey to England, so that I think it is safe to say that the M.C.C. side will need to take their three Test matches very seriously indeed.

THIS brings me to the fact that, at first sight, it seemed unfortunate that Sutcliffe and Hammond felt they must rest from strenuous cricket, and so declined the M.C.C.'s invitation to join the Indian tourists. On second thoughts, though, there is a good deal to be said for the fact that at last some of the youngsters will be given a chance to find their feet in representative cricket.

I have always regretted that Bakewell, for example, was not persevered with, but the troubles of cricket selectors are many, and they are more or less obliged to pick their teams on current form. This, at any rate, is the generally accepted view, though I am not at all sure that it is the right one. Still, if a man is reeling off the hundreds, he cannot easily be passed over in favour of the player who obviously has the stuff in him, but is temporarily out of form.

THERE is, however, another point of view. Take an opening batsman, like Barnett, of Gloucestershire. There is a glorious player for you; impetuous, perhaps, but confident, splendidly aggressive, and liable to crack the first ball of a Test Match through the covers to the boundary. It may be that in due course Barnett's joyous philosophy of taking the runs as they are offered him will be tempered by discretion; in the meanwhile, he should clearly be given every encouragement. He is a great player in the making, and if the selectors were to say to him: "We think you may be Sutcliffe's successor, and we intend to persevere with you—don't worry, therefore, play your natural game, and you 'll be all right"—if the selectors gave him that sense of security, Barnett might easily settle down as England's No. 1 batsman.

If, on the other hand, he feels that one failure will stamp him for ever as a player who lacks the requisite temperament, he is unlikely to do himself full justice.

IT is comforting, then, to think that the Indian tour will give the Barnetts and Bakewells and Gregorys and Langridges a real opportunity to assert themselves; and this leads me on to my threatened display of optimism. I 've said many times in these columns that modern batsmanship is cramped and restricted, and I 've quoted eminent persons whose opinions are the same.

I apologise, therefore, if the mellowing influence of the sun in this golden summer should make me seem a turn-coat, but at the moment the auguries for the future do appear to be more propitious. Whatever the reasons may be—and I think the general outcry against lack-lustre cricket may be in part responsible—our younger batsmen are beginning to play in the grand manner.

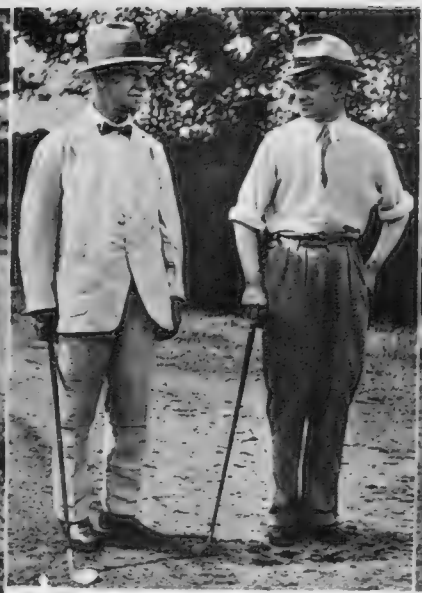
I'VE spoken of Barnett and Bakewell, and both of them have the full range of off-side forcing strokes, but there are others who this season have given us cause for rejoicing. M. J. Turnbull is one; it was glorious to see him using his feet and going out to the pitch of the ball against the West Indians, at Lord's. Then there is Todd, of Kent, and B. H. Valentine, who brings the freedom of club cricket into the heavy solemnities of the county game. Washbrook, of Lancashire, is another who is capable of putting the bat to the ball, though he may become subdued by the drabness of the present-day Lancashire batting. D. R. Wilcox is also an aggressive player, and then there are the Wellards and the Burroughs, who clout the cover off the ball without undue crudity.

It seems possible, indeed, that the spirit of county cricket may be experiencing a gradual renaissance, and that slowly but surely the outlook of the younger generation of county batsmen is changing.

THAT this change of heart is essential no one will deny; incidentally, it is significant to note that time-limit games, on the lines of those initiated last year by B. H. Lyon, are proving extraordinarily popular, particularly in South Wales, where amazing bowling feats are reported, and individual batsmen are scoring, when they do score, at the rate of ninety runs an hour. It seems highly probable that next summer there will be knock-out time-limit competitions throughout South Wales, and that is a pointer to county committees.

I would not for a moment suggest that county cricket should be played on a time-limit basis; such a drastic change, I am convinced, would destroy many of the game's finest qualities. For all that, aggression must be the watchword, and safety-first tactics must be scrapped ruthlessly. In the meanwhile, it is most encouraging to reflect that real stroke play shows signs of coming into its own again.

Mrs. T. W. Daman and Miss D. M. Cooke were both playing in the August Meeting at Woodhall Spa



H. Elsey talking to Gordon Harrison during the round

Mrs. F. Carey and Miss M. F. Robson at the sixteenth

Four and Eleven

At the Woodhall Spa Open Meeting

Flight-Lieut. R. L. Gandy and Air-Commodore P. H. Playfair

Major L. C. Canales and Capt. J. Chatterton walking down the fairway

Lt.-Col. W. B. Eddowes, the Hon. Sec. of the Club, checking up scores

Sq.-Leader Boumphrey and J. D. Llewellyn after doing a good hole

Capt. J. M. Robison and Dixon Hart waiting to drive from the seventeenth tee

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

SOME weeks ago, in these columns, I suggested that Larwood might never be able to bowl his fast stuff again, and now the news has come out in full. It is not the fact that he has broken two bones in his left foot which mainly troubles him, but the injury to his big-toe joint. This is not really surprising, though it is extremely unfortunate in every way. But if you have ever watched a fast bowler in action with close attention, you will have noticed the thump with which he comes down on his left foot as he delivers the ball, and that thump on the hard Australian wickets is enough, over a long period, to break up any foot. Incidentally, it must jar the whole body, and the marvel is, to my mind, that a bowler who flings himself into action as strenuously as Larwood should have been able to keep up his pace and his vitality so long. Everyone will sympathise with Larwood, though his cricketing career is by no means at an end. He is an extremely useful batsman, and I have an idea that he will develop into a first-rate medium-paced spin bowler. Still, it seems unlikely now that we shall ever reach a satisfactory verdict upon the body-line bowling controversy, since the only man capable of demonstrating it is paying the penalty for his ability. One thing is certain—Larwood has made for himself an undisputed place among the greatest fast bowlers cricket has ever known.

INCIDENTALLY, the body-line business is becoming more acrimonious than ever. Tempers are rising: eminent cricketers are joining the fray, and now Mr. Oscar Asche, most constant of spectators, has burst into print with a pretty violent letter.

Whenever there is a match of any kind at Lord's, Mr. Asche is to be found in his seat at one of the pavilion windows, and a more passionate enthusiast for the game does not exist. But I cannot help thinking that, on this occasion, he has allowed his feelings to lead him into indiscretion. Was he justified in quoting Archie Maclaren's remarks, made in private conversation, and certainly not intended for publication? Mr. Asche tells us that Mr. Maclaren said "No English captain of the past would ever have stooped to employ such methods." Those are strong words, and they bring an unpleasant note into the controversy. No good purpose is served by this dishing-up of other people's opinions, and those who have gossip to retail would be well advised to keep it to themselves.

IN this gap between the summer and winter sporting seasons—a gap that we are just reaching—there are one or two disturbing bits of news about. I am sorry to hear, for example, that A. R. Ralph, the brilliant Welsh stand-off half, is considering an offer made to him by the Northern Union. It is impossible to blame him in these hard times—that is the tragedy of Rugby football in Wales—but he is such a beautiful player that all Rugby Unionists will sadly regret his departure North. I suppose it is only natural that the Northern Union should be particularly active in Wales, but when the amateur game is struggling so hard against the depression, it is extremely discouraging for the Welsh authorities to thus lose their best players.

THEN there is the report that the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association are conducting an investigation into the amateur status of Ellsworth Vines. This makes unhappy reading, and it is true enough that Vines has received more than one offer to turn professional. Still, an offer does not necessarily mean an acceptance, and until Vines has announced his agreement to a professional contract his status is not in

Way for the Horse!

No electric traffic signs are necessary for motorists on Newmarket Heath. Here the horse is King of the Road and motor traffic waits for a string of racers out for exercise to pass; seen above

Capt. R. D. Wills, the famous tobacco magnate, in his motor-boat, Hilda, at Lairg, Sutherland, where he is in camp with a number of Y.M.C.A. boys from Bath

Col. Peel, with the two tunny fish which he caught off Scarborough. They weigh 459 lb. and 542 lb. He holds the record with a tunny weighing 794 lb., which he caught last season

question. On the other hand, the whole business of the amateur status in lawn tennis remains open to suspicion, and I find people discussing it wherever I go where tennis is in any way to the fore. "Oh, yes," they say, "it 's all very well, but these tennis amateurs, most of them, are really pros." Well, whether that is right or wrong, it is popular opinion, and it should be cleared up by the authorities one way or the other. I still fail to see that the distinction matters—professional or amateur, a player is just as good a man, but what we all dislike is the suggestion that the professional is masquerading as an amateur. And, when all is said and done, a player like F. J. Perry, whether he receives money or not—and we must presume definitely that Perry does not—such a player makes tennis the business of his life, and ought not to resent the title of professional. Lawn tennis is the profession of Perry and others, in the sense that it is their main occupation, and it is no less honourable a profession than the barrister's or the journalist's. The only difference is that the barrister and the journalist unashamedly take what money they can for the services or the pleasure they give to their public.

AND while we are talking of tennis, a suggestion has been put forward that only one service should be allowed, and that the fault should be abolished. With this I agree entirely, for, as Lord Wimborne has pointed out, the fault was only introduced into the original rules of the game because it is permitted in Royal tennis, the parent of lawn tennis. But in Royal, or real, tennis, the two sides of the court are different, and the advantage is not with the server. There are those who maintain that the abolition of the trial service would reduce all service to pat-ball, but this, I think, is absurd. It would increase accuracy, and possibly slightly reduce speed, but it would not stop the champions going all out for service aces should the need arise. The trial service is entirely irrational, a concession allowed in no other game, for golfers are not permitted a trial drive, nor are billiards players given the opportunity for a sighting shot. The L.T.A. might well look into this matter.

I SUPPOSE I must say a word or two about boxing, though, in this weather, the very thought of it is uncomfortable. But I detect signs of an attempt to boost young Norman Baines, the Catford heavy-weight. Those who have him in their care are being sensible enough, but the Press ballyhoo is beginning, and before long he will be pushed headlong into the limelight. He is, in point of fact, a promising fellow, and he has won all his fights, some of them against quite good and experienced third-raters, with considerable ease. He is immensely powerful—more strongly built, in fact, than Jack Doyle, and he weighs over fifteen stone. He has courage, common sense and a punch, and those are useful foundations. But I watched him at the Crystal Palace the other day, and at present he is clumsy, untutored and flat-footed—a slow, ponderous fellow of the Frank Goddard type. I have no doubt whatever that he is capable of improvement, and in a year's time, with wise handling, he may be chasing the Championship. In the meanwhile, let us pray that he may be saved from his friends, and allowed to develop his talents outside the glare of publicity.

Above: C. S. Marriott, the Kent amateur bowler, who represented England for the first time against the West Indies in the Test Match at the Oval

Right: N. F. Shields (Cambridge), winning the Pole Vault at 10 ft. 6 in. in the British Universities International Athletic Team v. Bedfordshire

Below: what a fall was there! A. W. Carr, the Notts captain, playing against Surrey at the Oval, not only fell down when playing a ball from M. J. C. Allom, but gave an accepted catch at the same time

Left: Her Excellency the Countess of Willingdon returned to India by the Imperial Air Route, and is seen leaving the flying-boat Scipio at Alexandria, to join the air-liner which crosses Palestine and Irak, passing down the Coast of Arabia to Baluchistan, and thence to Karachi, Delhi, and Calcutta

Below: Viscount and Viscountess Furness at Stag Lane after their wedding and prior to a honeymoon by air. Captain T. Campbell Black, on the left, who was a witness at the wedding ceremony, is piloting the Puss Moth bridal coach

Aviation as a Going Concern: By Capt. C. E. Ward

Records and Achievements

THE value in creating a new record lies largely in its psychological effect, for the public is influenced in favour of equipment which puts up a better performance than that used by the previous holder of the record; and in air matters, where one country or any particular make of machine or engine is consistently in front, that country, or its products, find favour abroad. Of the French flight by M. Codos and M. Rossi, from New York to Syria non-stop, which has broken the record held for a few months by the R.A.F., one would say that it demonstrates once more the possibilities of human endurance, given a machine which will lift an overload of petrol plus a good engine. During the past eight years, more than half of the long-distance records which have been recognised officially have been held by France. Codos is world-famous as a pilot of endurance; he covered nearly 7000 miles from Indo-China to Paris in just over three days early last year. Wiley Post, in his solo flight across the world, was aided by "Iron Mike," the American equivalent of "George," who figured so prominently in the accounts of the recent R.A.F. long-distance flight. The fact that pilots engaged on endurance flights, for many and various reasons, make use of automatic controls or any modern invention to reduce fatigue or anxiety, does not detract in the least from the value of their achievement; on the contrary, it may increase its value by demonstrating the commercial possibilities of journeys over great distances or difficult routes. But to return to the subject of records, the Vickers "Pegasus" combination holds the only important one which remains British, that for maximum altitude in a machine heavier than air. The Italians have bettered our best in absolute speed, and now the French have flown farther than anyone else non-stop. There is some consolation in knowing that their fine flight was aided materially by Wakefield's Castrol and K.L.G. plugs, partners that are guaranteed to keep the old fan turning round.

Can Flying be Made to Pay?

THE intention of Sir Alan Cobham and Squadron-Leader Helmore to fly to Australia without landing, is something new in long-distance flights. Its success would do more for practical aviation than almost any other spectacular event one can imagine. For air-freighters and mail-planes, for large flying-boats and any big land-aeroplane operating over difficult country, the ability to re-fuel in the air must be reduced to a practical affair, similar to that of a locomotive taking in water whilst travelling at speed. If fuel and food can be transferred in mid-air, there seems no reason why mails could not be handled in the same way. Most of the wear and tear on an aeroplane occurs in landing and taking off; possible profits are eaten up whilst machines lie in hangars. Keep them in the air for the longest possible time during the shortest over-all period and then air transport may pay. Fatigue of the air frame due to air stresses is negligible, and engines in service with the R.A.F. Imperial Airways, and leading operators fly 40,000 to 80,000 miles between overhauls. Such advantages are not enjoyed by any form of ground or sea transport. I do not suggest that re-fuelling in the air will enable civil aviation to fly by itself and without subsidy, but it is an aid to that end, just as important as the provision of flood-lights for safe night landings, wireless for direction finding, and automatic controls to keep a machine on its course or an even keel.

The Monospar in Service

A NEW air-line is proposed from Croydon to Plymouth, with a halt at Portsmouth en route, for which three standard Monospar machines have been ordered, each fitted as alternative four- or five-seaters. A similar machine is in use by Mr. Andree, of Stockholm, the Swedish pilot who made such a fine flight from Stockholm to Cape Town in one of the original Gypsy Moths five years ago. Mr. R. E. Gardner, who is Chairman of Yardley's, has a special Monospar with tankage for 6½ hours in the wing, and a supplementary tank at the back of the cabin for specially long journeys. Mr. C. E. Gardner, the winner of the Yorkshire Trophy Race, and second in that for the *Morning Post* Trophy, is the pilot. The Italian Government has bought a Monospar to which is to be fitted the new retractable under-carriage when this has completed its home trials. The machine working the Inverness-Orkney service has proved of great success, and carries a full load on most days of the short holiday season in the North of Scotland.

To Europe by Air

TRAVEL by air is now recognised as the most comfortable as well as the quickest method of getting about the world, but only relatively few passengers take advantage of the connections which can be made by the services leaving London every day. Details will be given next week.

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Ranelagh and Roehampton

The Daily Round at North Berwick

Miss Rosemary Johnstone, Miss Grant Suttie, an ex-champion, the Countess of Oxford, Miss Millicent Couper, Sir John Couper's daughter, and the Scottish Champion, and Princess Antoine Bibesco

Miss Evelyn Coats, Mr. J. P. Coats's daughter, and Miss Betty Rumbold, who is the niece of Sir Horace Rumbold, on their way round the North Berwick links

DEAR BYSTANDER,

How time does fly, to be sure! It only feels like the minute before last that Mrs. V. G. Davies and Miss Mary Lake were winning Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh, Miss Joan Lashmore and Miss Mary South at Roehampton, and here we are round again, with the entrance form and conditions on page 11, and everybody ready for the receiving of those five hundred-odd names which are normal expectation. There is only one difference in the conditions this year. You remember that we have always put the Roehampton, Northern and Scottish, winners and runners-up into the Ranelagh draw the next year, regardless of their wishes or the size of their joint handicap, although they could play there on no more than the statutory eighteen. Most of them thought it an honour; some of them did remarkably well in spite of these harsh measures. But harsh they were, perhaps, for, after all, England is a free country, and so this year these finalists are given their choice, and must state on their entry form whether they wish to play at Ranelagh on a joint allowance not exceeding eighteen, or keep their full amount and defend their title at Roehampton.

I believe that it will make for even greater keenness at Roehampton if, now and again, there should be HOLDERS competing, and that it has been rather a shame to debar couples from trying to duplicate their win. Of course, in the meantime, Miss Lashmore and Miss South, both very young and improving players, may have reduced their handicaps until, willy nilly, to Ranelagh they must go; so may Mrs. Bushman and Miss Lampson. But if not, theirs the choice to be made—and stated.

Some fine day, when the Millennium arrives, I look forward to seeing Roehampton with its own challenge cups, and then, of course, the question will not arise. Meantime, I suppose, to rub shoulders with all the star performers at Ranelagh will remain an immense attraction to some, while to have a better chance of being yourself a star at Roehampton will appeal more to other couples.

Here's luck to them all, and may I say that my wishes are specially ardent to those whose entry forms are filled in really fully and legibly. I don't wish to appear captious; some people are a model of all the virtues when they fill up a form, but there are others whose writing causes a prolonged knitting of the brow, whose name or initial is eventually deciphered wrongly, with consequent irritation to the player and work for somebody else, and whose notions of giving their address are so brief and breezy that it takes an L.G.U. Year Book, a Post Office Guide, and a Telephone Directory before a tolerably safe guess can be made of the town wherein may be found Aspidistra Lodge, Mon Repos, or 101, London Road, so that starting time and a copy of the draw may be duly delivered thereat.

Well, well; no doubt everybody will enter all in due time, and then the play's the thing. This year there is no clashing with the Scottish County Finals and Meeting over the Gleneagles Hotel course, so that I am hopeful for a big Scottish entry, which certainly adds to the interest.

Talking of those finals, I have a most pathetic story to tell you of Moray and Nairn. That county—or should I say, those counties, as they are two, though playing as one—has qualified to represent the North in the Scottish County Finals. That is a proud position only won by much valour and good golf, and it is the more praiseworthy this year because the side has lacked the immense assistance of Miss Hilda Cameron, who has been too busy becoming Mrs. Marr to play for them. Now—and this is the sad part of the story—the county is too poor to send its team to the Finals, unless something can be done to raise funds. Luckily, they have good friends and workers, and two of them, Miss Benton and Mrs. Bolton, have laid their heads together and evolved a scheme which will help not only Moray and Nairn, but also the National Playing Fields Association. They have composed a highly ingenious missing-word letter competition, guaranteed to test even those golfers (if any exist) who make light work of Torquemada's Cross-Words. It may be obtained for sixpence from Mrs. Bolton, 11h, The Mansions, Earl's Court, S.W., and after ten per cent. of the profits have provided prizes for the solvers, the rest will be divided between the N.P.F.A. and the Moray and Nairn L.C.G.A.

Somebody once propounded to me the stupendous question: "Are golfers stupid?" adding, as explanation, that she wondered how many of them thought or read about anything else beside the game. It seems to me it is rather ridiculous to talk about golfers as golfers, precisely as you cannot separate the population of the British Isles into Motorists and Pedestrians. I know full well that some people do make of golf an absolutely full-time occupation, but I do also find amongst my golfing friends and acquaintances that many have any number of other interests and accomplishments (to use a Victorian word which is much too expressive to go out of use), and that almost every golfer who has arrived at the top of the tree has rather exceptional endowments in the brain line. Thought, properly directed, must always help, whatever the objective. I refuse to think that a mollusc or a cow would make the perfect golfer; it is possible to be too placid, too little willing to re-act to a spur. Neither of these species might touch rock-bottom of badness, but neither, in my opinion, would ever reach the real heights of excellence. What do you think about it?

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Cars with a Personality

The 12-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley

By The Earl of Cardigan

The 12-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley is so well proportioned as to give the appearance of a big car. Its sturdy build and handsome lines are well seen from this angle

OF the various cars which I have tested recently, few have provided me with a more interesting experience than the 12-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley. As may be imagined, when one has driven a great many different makes, one tends to sum up very rapidly the apparent virtues of any individual model, forming a rough, general opinion of its character after a very brief spell at the wheel. I must confess to having done this in the case of the Armstrong "Twelve"—and I must further admit to having been led, in the first instance, to an entirely false conclusion.

"A comfortable, steady-going, small 'six,'" was my verdict, after the first half-mile or so through London streets. "Satisfactory, rather than striking." It was not until I had driven five or ten miles, and got well out on to the Great North Road, that I began to realise my error. Settling down into a fast, easy cruising pace, the Armstrong seemed suddenly to transform itself into a speedy, powerful, and emphatically road-worthy medium-sized car.

There is nothing of the small car, indeed, about this 12-h.p. "six" when it once gets into its stride. It sits down on the road right solidly, in a way that gives confidence to the driver. It is entitled to be called fast; for, with a maximum of 60 m.p.h., it can be driven actually up to 60 m.p.h. without any sign of flurry or undue noise. At 50 m.p.h. it cruises along in an admirably smooth and easy manner. In third gear, a good 40 m.p.h. is within its reach.

In traffic, the small Armstrong-Siddeley is no sluggard, although, perhaps, lacking the sparkle of top-gear "liveliness." It is no hardship, however, to make use of the lower gears for a quick get-away. The Armstrong-Siddeley company was the pioneer of the modern "crash-proof," pre-selective gear-box, and an admirable example of this type of box is fitted to the 12-h.p. model. Any gear can be engaged at any time, and all ratios are virtually silent.

The steering is light, and yet perfectly definite at all speeds. The brakes are powerful, but are capable of being applied firmly without loss of smoothness. The springing is sufficiently good to make the car ride comfortably, and hold the road securely, under all conditions.

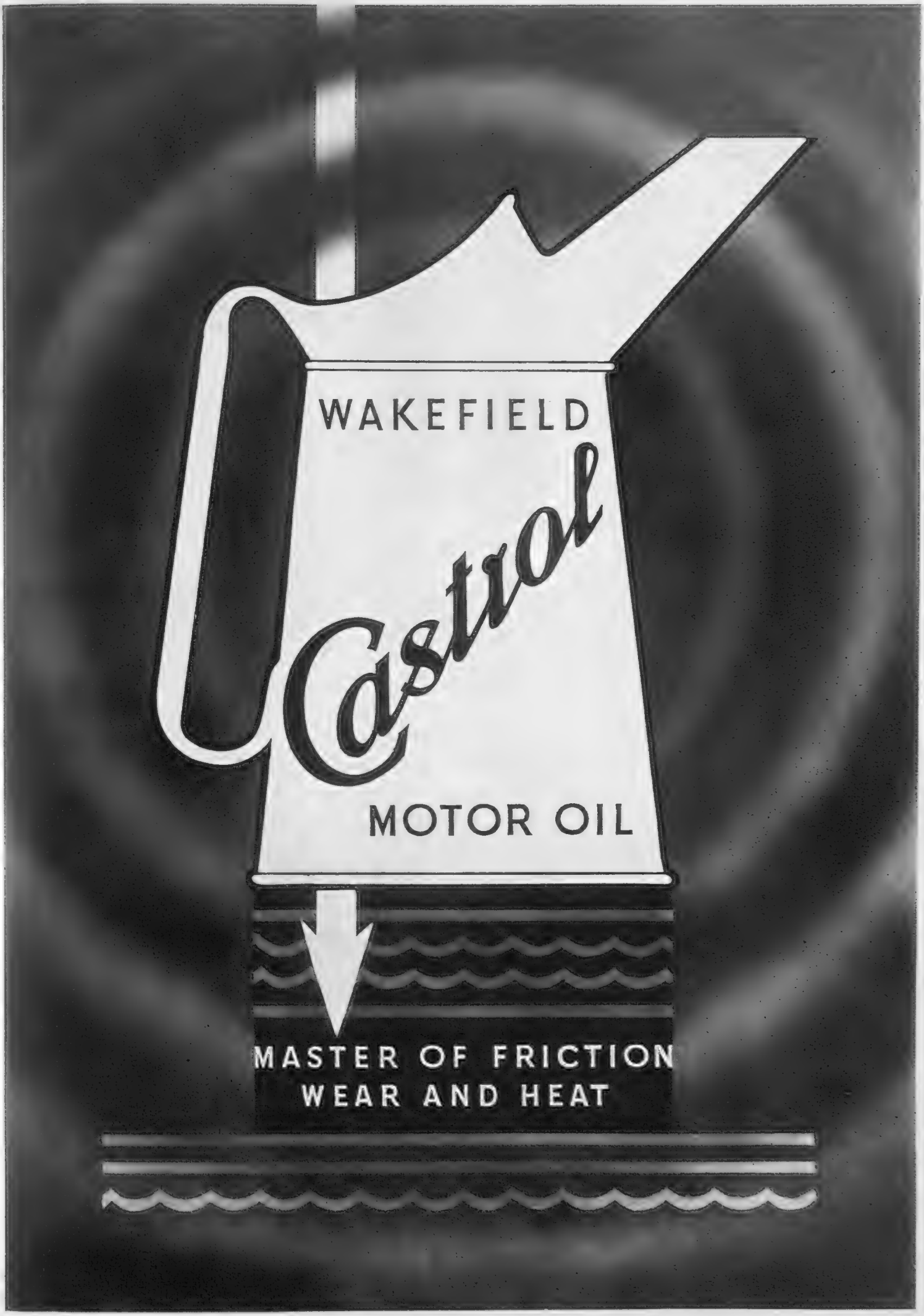
The Armstrong-Siddeley Company was the first to fit this form of finger-tip gear control, which is a very real aid to efficient driving

The six-cylinder engine is notable for its extreme smoothness and silent running at all speeds. The large conveniently placed tool-box appeals to the owner-driver

A neat form of luggage grid is fitted, which folds up over the petrol tank. Unlike most grids, it is an asset to the car's appearance

I REPEAT, however, that it is on the open road that the car displays its virtues to the best advantage. These various qualities, with the extreme smoothness of the six-cylinder engine, encourage high average speeds, achieved with an unusual absence of the fatigue which a small saloon is apt to engender.

The coachwork, in any event, is thoroughly comfortable—my only criticism being that the windscreen is not made to open. At just under £300, the coachbuilt saloon model certainly is not an expensive car. It does everything that the ordinary owner is likely to demand, and gives the impression, incidentally, that it is willing to go on doing so for an indefinite period.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WEAR AND HEAT

"The Bystander" Cruise Competition—the Winning Essay

The following essay, by F. M. Willis, wins the prize of 25 guineas offered for the best description of the recent "Bystander" cruise on the Red Star liner, s.s. Lapland, to Madeira, Las Palmas, Teneriffe (Santa Cruz) and St. Michael

"We Sense the Immensity . . . ."

Hard work and inadequate feeding for several months had clearly taken their toll of my "girlish charm," for during a brief week-end, an Aunt spoke as rudely, yet kindly, as only aunts can, and the conclusion of our conversation was the agreement that I needed sea-air and sunshine—ergo, a Southern cruise. Being the best sort of aunt, she followed her verbal encouragement with financial, and I spent many lunch-hours in travel agencies, gorging on "picturesque scenery," "native charm," and similar unilluminating morsels. On the verge of surfeit among these oh-so-obvious delights, I came suddenly upon the superb phrase, "we sense the immensity of the ocean beyond."

Immediately I knew myself to be suffering from a severe attack of claustrophobia that even the wide, open spaces of Morocco would fail to cure; the doctor ordered Immensity, and here it was to my hand! In two minutes I had booked my berth on the s.s. Lapland, for her summer cruise to the Atlantic Isles.

Truly a cruise is the perfect holiday. Each day in the sun seems twice as long and as full as the longest day at home; the whole of the ship wears a family air, in which friendships spring up quickly and easily; with so many new and delightful people to meet, it is impossible—or, at least, unnecessary—to get bored with anyone!

Beyond a slight disagreement between sea and sky as we left the Channel, the weather set itself out to please. The large decks of the Lapland provide plenty of space for deck games and dancing, two jolly open-air swimming-pools, ample sun-bathing facilities for pachyderms, and cool, shaded decks for the tender skinned. We can sit and stroll in lounges, saloons and smoke-rooms, and so to the popular American Bar, where Bill, that ever-cheerful Irishman, is as great a "draw" as his own Southern Cocktails.

Of our ports of call among the romantically named Atlantic Isles, Madeira has the charm of being the first, though she welcomed us glumly with cloud-capped peaks, yet nowhere else was the ship so besieged with "small boys" of every age and size, from three to thirty, anxious to dive for silver in the clear blue waters of Funchal Bay; nowhere else were cars so diligently pursued and stormed with flowers by black-eyed children, calling for "One penn'! One penn'!"; nowhere else did we see flower-women with basketsful on their heads, and huge bunches in their arms, bullocks drawing narrow, covered sleds over the cobbles of the little streets, nor hear the gay shibboleth of the Portuguese drivers of the touring cars, shouting cheerily at each other

What a complete contrast we found in Gran Canaria! The tender beat like a speed-boat across the blue, sun-sparkled waves of the outer harbour, towards the houses washed in a fascinating range of soft colours. It was amazing to see how many houses built in modern style were submerged, unnoticeable, among the flat-roofed houses, which have stood there for so many years, and how perfectly this style of architecture fits in with the arid and unyielding landscape, from which the Spanish inhabitants, backed by British capital, are patiently re-claiming land long covered with the ashes and débris of volcanic eruption, and by careful irrigation are producing great fields of maize, bananas, pineapples and tomatoes. The island looks anything but arable, with its slate-grey sands, where they catch and tin sardines, its steep hills, where the grey-haired goats are almost invisible, where cave-dwellers, having hollowed homes for themselves in the face of the mountains, yet bring them up-to-date with square, white-washed porchways, their flat roofs stocked with bright geraniums, which go oddly with the prickly pear and other cacti on the rocks around. Here indeed, one feels, is a thankless desert, yet, on looking closer, here and there are great reservoirs of precious water, whence the well-trained bananas receive their "tot" every two days, the tomatoes every three, and the potatoes every four.

We remember the deep, breathless valleys, and the splendid mountain ranges, and we wonder still about the odd display of dark-red curtains, table-cloths and bed-covers spread on the window-sills of nearly every house in Las Palmas, betokening, so our driver informed us, the Eve of St. John's Day. Yet echo still asks why?

Teneriffe must surely be the loveliest of the Canary Isles; we shall remember always its amazingly beautiful sky-line—its air, warm and dry as Gran Canaria, and its flowers, even more vivid and rich than those of Madeira. We shall remember, too, the pleasant orange drinks in the cafés of Santa Cruz; the long procession of women balancing great piles of tins on their heads; the Dragon Tree of La Laguna, standing in the dignity of

(Continued on page ii)

Progress of Radio Manufacture

By Leslie McMichael, A.M.I.E.E., President, Radio Manufacturers' Association and Chairman and Managing Director McMichael Radio, Ltd.

Since the Atlantic was first bridged by Marconi from Poldhu in 1901, radio has forged ahead in a series of jerks—slowly at first, making a spurt after the sinking of the Titanic, where wireless played such a big part in saving a number of lives, and a law was introduced making it compulsory for all ships carrying over a certain number of hands to be equipped with radio receiving and transmitting apparatus — then slowly again until the beginning of the Great War, when great strides were made.

Mr. Leslie McMichael, A.M.I.E.E., who wrote this history of radio developments

At the end of hostilities, the ban imposed at the outbreak of the war by the Government on other than official wireless stations was lifted. Amateurs recommenced in real earnest to delve deeply into some of the fascinating mysteries of this latest section of electrical science, adding their knowledge to that of the leading technicians.

Under the leadership of Mr. R. H. Klein, in conjunction with the writer, the Radio Society of London was formed, and amateurs banded themselves together under the name of this Society, which provided, among other things, the opportunity for the exchange of ideas. Later, they brought influence to bear in the form of a huge petition to the Post Office, for regular broadcast transmissions.

The success of this petition resulted in the opening of the first experimental broadcasting station at Writtle (2 MT) in 1921.

Public interest was aroused and the general demand for wireless apparatus began, and radio component manufacturers made their début. With the rapid development made in broadcasting, and the opening of regular services in different parts of the country, the demand for complete receivers by the less technical members of the community advanced in like proportions, opening up a large field for manufacturers. From that time the demand for complete receivers has steadily grown until, to-day, the Radio Industry is counted among the largest in Great Britain.

The crystal receiver was soon replaced by battery-driven valve receivers. The design and efficiency of these valves rapidly improved and a consequent improvement in step was made by the receiver manufacturers. Portable receivers appeared, opening up a still larger field for the manufacturer and the all-round increase in efficiency, both in valve and circuit design, and the obvious advantages of an instrument of this type, resulted in a definite and lasting demand.

The valve manufacturers' next big step was the introduction of a valve for working from house-lighting mains, and receivers using this type of valve soon followed.

The radio-gramophone soon made its appearance after the introduction of these valves, which provided the key for suitable amplifying equipment to make this type of instrument a success.

To-day both radio receivers and radio-gramophones have reached a point approaching perfection, as far as quality of reproduction is concerned. This perfection is, of course, partially due to improvement in transmissions, and in loud-speaker design.

The opening of the Empire Broadcasting Station at Daventry has opened up another wide field overseas for British radio manufacturers.

The radio set to-day has become almost a necessity, and as time goes on it will become more and more essential. Future developments are difficult to forecast, but I am of the opinion that the most popular set of the future will be one working entirely from the electric mains, and of not more than four valves. A self-contained frame aerial, single knob control, and an arrangement for keeping signals at a given strength level will be among the outstanding features. The question of absolute selectivity will, no doubt, be answered within a few years; rapid strides have been made in this direction.

The Doggy World

The Bereaved Dog : By Lady Kitty Ritson

AMONGST my correspondence I often get letters telling me that the writers have either been given an adult dog, or else have offered to keep one for a friend who is away, and that it has proved an insuperable difficulty to gain the dog's confidence. In consequence, both dog and owner (whether temporarily or otherwise) are distressed.

It is difficult to console an adult dog for the loss of a beloved master and home. How often have I wished passionately that there might be some definite form of communication between dogs and people, so that one might convey to the animal some form of consolation. Even as I write, I am wondering, miserably, how much a certain dog will miss me when I leave the house where I have been staying for a month. At the request of his mistress, I "adopted" him while I was in America, as she wanted to turn him into a house dog, while, previously, he had lived in the kennels. He is a house-dog all right, but he is also my shadow, and he is bound to suffer, although it will not be for long, because his mistress is that rare thing, a genuine dog-lover, and after all, he is only losing me, and not changing his whole environment.

Lady Veronica Hornby, with her curly poodle, "Freda," which gained two firsts and best of class certificate at Tunbridge Wells Dog Show

BUT the dog which loses home and master is indeed to be pitied; and there is not much that one can do, except to FEEL so sympathetic, that the dog realises it; and I can assure you that they do, and I think it helps a little. Food is comparatively useless, because an unhappy dog does not care to eat, but you can do a great deal with exercise. Try to give the dog enough exercise to tire him out, so that he may forget some of his troubles in sleep, and, if he is very restless and miserable, it will not hurt to give him a couple of five-grain tablets of aspirin on the first evening. This calms his nerves and will help him to sleep, but, of course, you must not make a habit of it; only do it just once.

As a rule, you will find that he is better the next morning, and if you can induce him to eat by offering some extra delicacies, such as an egg or a drink of milk, you will be wise to do so.

Personally, so long as the separation is only temporary, I think it is a good plan to let the dog have a lead or a rug which he associates with his master or mistress. But, of course, if the dog is to remain with you always, it is better to make a clean break.

I KNOW that "Susie," who is very fond of me, could only be consoled when I was away one day from the house where we were both visiting, by sitting with her lead between her paws. She associated it with me. Another time she brought my spectacle case, a shoe, and a handkerchief, in turn, and lay with them between her paws. There is no doubt that they brought some psychic sense of comfort.

A dog's sufferings when he is separated from his beloved are terrible, and I think that a sense of your intense sympathy does penetrate and help to make it better. Whatever you do, don't be guilty of tying him up or shutting him alone in a kennel, for that is sheer cruelty. Of course, some dogs don't seem to mind a bit, as long as they are kindly treated—and thank Heaven, say I, when that is the case.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful

By "Maquillage"

"GLANCE THEIR MANY TWINKLING FEET."—GRAY.

When So Many Toes are Making Their Public Appearance and Peeping Out of Sandals on Beaches and in Ballrooms, Pedicure becomes as Important a Feature of a Fastidious Toilet as Manicure.

A LITTLE while ago fashion-writers were telling the world that the bare-legged fashion was a thing of the past, but weather is apt to dispose of what the arbiters of the "mode" propose, and the heat waves, the bathing season, and the appearance of fascinating sandals for day and evening wear have made bare legs a commonplace this summer.

Now that feet and legs appear without even the etherealising film of a silk stocking and the disguise of a well-cut shoe, women are really taking trouble over the "complexion" of their legs and the shaping of their toe nails, with excellent results. Special make-up for the legs is used, and thousands of shapely pink and shining toes peep out from sandals on beaches and in ballrooms.

It is important that toe-nails and finger-nails should "match," and the same nail-varnish should be used for both. Choice of colour is, of course, a matter of individual taste, but the very deep red shades should only be used by exotic types and the possessors of beautifully shaped nails on fingers and toes, as they certainly draw attention to imperfections. The quality of nail varnish is also of importance. Some kinds are apt to make nails brittle, and others have a tendency to be patchy or to peel off.

One very good nail-varnish which I "discovered" quite a long time ago is called "Vareen." It is not much advertised, and no special claims, that I know of, are made for it, but its rapid increase in popularity, both with professional and amateur manicurists, speaks for its merits. It is obtainable in a number of shades and one, designated Light Coral, is, I think, particularly attractive. It is half-way between "Natural" and the bolder blood-red tones, and goes well with Sun-Tan, whether natural or applied. There is a deeper coral for those who desire it.

Among the virtues of Vareen is the fact that, carefully applied, it goes on smoothly and evenly and, on normal nails, will last, without peeling or dulling, for a week.

At any rate, as a beauty culture "fan," I welcome the fact that women have really become foot-conscious!

The Gourmet : Conducted by Emilia

The Grouse Season

Scotch Grouse

PLUCK one or two young grouse, singe carefully, draw, and clean the inside, and wipe thoroughly with a damp cloth. Game birds, and especially grouse, should never be washed. Mix ½ oz. of fresh butter with a saltspoonful of black pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a few drops of lemon juice, and place this inside the bird. Truss the birds for roasting, and dredge the outside with flour. One or two vine-leaves, and a slice of fat bacon should be wrapped over the breast of each bird. Roast from about twenty-five to thirty-five minutes, and baste frequently. Place fried bread-crumbs round the birds, and serve bread-sauce and gravy with them.

A Salad of Grouse

ROAST a young grouse; when cold, cut it into neat pieces, put into a salad-bowl some lettuce, mustard and cress, and a very little cooked beetroot cut into dice; lay the grouse on it, and four hard-boiled eggs cut lengthwise. Make a dressing in a basin with the following ingredients: one tablespoonful of finely-chopped shallot, one of parsley, one of castor sugar, the yolks of two raw eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, two tablespoonsful of tarragon or chilli vinegar, and four tablespoonsful of oil. Mix all well together, whip up a little cream, add by degrees to the dressing, and pour over the salad.

Salmis of Grouse

ROAST a grouse for about ten minutes, then cut into joints. Pound the liver smoothly, cut 2 oz. of cooked ham into dice, chop one small onion, and tie up a bunch of herbs together. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, and put in the onion, three cloves, a few peppercorns, the chopped ham and the herbs; fry all these a pale brown. When nearly dark enough, add 1 oz. of flour, and brown as well. Put in the joints of grouse, liver, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, two teaspoonsful of red-currant jelly, a small glass of claret, and ½ oz. of glaze. Cover the pan, and simmer gently for about forty minutes. Place in an entrée dish, strain the sauce over, garnish with fried croûtons, and serve with French beans à la Parisienne.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions

Thirty spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each summer month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March, inclusive, fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Full particulars will be sent on application.

July Monthly Medal Results

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss I. Dunand	Cuddington	77	8	64	76	12 below
Miss S. M. Laurie	Barton on Sea	74	14	60	72	12 "
Mrs. C. G. Chandler	Frilford Heath	81	17	64	75	11 "
Mrs. N. Van Homrigh	Worthing	83	22	61	71	10 "
Miss D. M. Birchenough	Prestbury & Upton	81	14	67	76	9 "
Mrs. Huxley	W. Monmouthshire	75	13	62	70	8 "
Miss E. P. Waddington	Lancaster	85	16	69	77	8 "
Miss C. M. Jackson	Chigwell	84	16	68	76	8 "
Miss M. O. Williams	Lyme Regis	74	8	66	73	7 "
Mrs. H. Day	Dewsbury Dis.	75	10	65	72	7 "
Miss E. McKenna	Shooters Hill	80	13	67	74	7 "
Miss M. Troup	Northampton	85	17	68	75	7 "
Mrs. E. Mayhew	Gay Hill	83	18	65	72	7 "
Mrs. H. A. Lockett	West Essex	73	5	68	74	6 "
Mrs. Costeloe	Honor Oak & Forest Hill	82	16	66	72	6 "
Mrs. Lockhart	Hexham	78	9	69	75	6 "
Mrs. M. Dixon	Otley	78	10	68	74	6 "
Miss E. Oakey	Nuneaton	75	11	64	70	6 "
Mrs. Ellison	Woodcote Park	82	13	69	75	6 "
Mrs. Hindsley	Ringway	81	13	68	74	6 "
Mrs. L. Mathieson	Wollaton Park	83	15	68	74	6 "
Miss R. Wharton	Gt. Yarmouth & Caister	83	15	68	74	6 "
Mrs. H. Ranicar	Leigh	82	17	65	71	6 "
Miss A. Ramsden	Ashford Manor	76	4	72	77	5 "
Mrs. G. H. Barker	Huddersfield	79	7	72	77	5 "
Miss M. Dixon	Saltburn by the Sea	75	10	65	70	5 "
Miss Tanner	Leamington and Cty.	82	13	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Erlebach	Edgware	84	15	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Stanley Evans	West Lancs	84	16	68	73	5 "
Miss N. Williams	Coxmoor	83	16	67	72	5 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss K. Broster	Keighley	99	35	64	78	14 below
Miss C. V. Mills	Old Links	96	33	63	76	13 "
Mrs. Sidney Smith	Shirley Park	92	29	63	75	12 "
Mrs. G. M. Abbey	Shooters Hill	95	33	62	74	12 "
Miss K. H. Gregory	Blackpool N.S.	100	36	64	76	12 "
Miss Betty Cox	North Middlesex	95	34	61	72	11 "
Mrs. Elliott	North Hants.	93	35	64	75	11 "
Mrs. M. A. Mather	Stand	98	36	62	73	11 "
Mrs. E. R. Page	Exmouth	83	22	61	71	10 "
Miss Greta Fitch	Bognor Regis	94	26	68	78	10 "
Miss B. Boot	Chilwell Manor	100	36	64	74	10 "
Miss M. Farmer	Willesley Park	87	19	68	77	9 "
Miss F. Jordan	Ringway	84	19	65	74	9 "
Miss D. A. Woodward	Shirehampton Park	80	19	61	70	9 "
Mrs. Copper	Brookdale	83	22	61	70	9 "
Miss S. Everard	Long Ashton	92	27	65	74	9 "
Miss E. Robson	Wanstead	94	28	66	75	9 "
Miss Mary L. Tate	Stanmore	97	31	66	75	9 "
Miss N. Whitehead	West Bradford	94	32	62	71	9 "
Mrs. I. Holmes	Sale	98	34	64	73	9 "
Mrs. Brindle	Kirkby Municipal	105	36	69	78	9 "
Mrs. W. Broomfield	North Worcs	100	36	64	73	9 "
Mrs. Stokoe	West Bradford	98	36	62	71	9 "
Miss A. Lane	Worsley	85	19	66	74	8 "
Mrs. P. Crawshaw	Brookdale	84	22	62	70	8 "
Mrs. R. M. Bishop	Bloxwich	89	24	65	73	8 "
Miss J. Currie	North Worcs	89	24	65	73	8 "
Mrs. D. Anthony	Gosforth	96	29	67	75	8 "
Mrs. W. R. Richardson	Leek	96	31	65	73	8 "
Miss N. Foster	Walsall	101	33	68	76	8 "

"The Bystander" Cruise Competition—the Winning Essay

(Continued from page 322)

its fifteen hundred years and the discomfort of its fifteen hundred ants; our thrill of pride in the Lapland, gay with flags in the beautiful harbour; the odd tinge of regret as we moved away in the cool of the afternoon; the flying fishes below the rocks, and then, suddenly, like a Japanese print of Fujiyama, the astonishing peak of Orotava, appearing above the clouds that hid the shore.

And of St. Michael! Who can speak adequately of a vision of Paradise? A perfect day, a perfect port, roads that have learnt the charm of the loveliest English country lanes, yet have added to them their magic surprises—bullock-carts that have creaked and swayed on their solid wooden wheels for hundreds of years; ravines that seem to be cracks through the earth itself; little white villages round the foot of high-standing black and white churches; lakes of enchanting colours, and mountains whose shades change with the minutes and are never the same; hedges of blue hydrangeas, running for miles and miles, leading us up to a high, sandy point, whence, through heather and pines, we looked down on a gold-edged bay, and a sea of so deep a blue it might well go on for ever. Immensity—yes, but who really wants immensity when he can turn and find around him orchards of pineapples, fields of tobacco, creeks calling to bathers, water for all, and water to spare, noisy little streams in the deep, fern-clothed ravines, oddly carved fountains in village and hamlet, and children winnowing hard little beans by tossing them up in the wind?

Some day, when the Lapland sails again on a cruise to these Atlantic Isles, I shall be found in her bows, looking eagerly forward—forward again to "the immensity of the ocean," to the harbour arch of Ponta Delgada, the entrance to the dream-island of San Miguel of the Azores, and on this cruise I shall carry a one-way ticket.

"The Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1933

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(9th Year) Roehampton, October 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, 1933

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 21st, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 21st the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reduction of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1932 or 1933, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner falling may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme* of the change.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1933 — No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 21st.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
Ranelagh, October 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th

ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, *346, Strand, W.C.2, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — AUGUST

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

"The Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,
Stoke Poges, September 13th, 14th, and 15th, 1933

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, August 31st.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

Date and year of birth ..... Club, if any .....

Telephone No. .....

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. August 16, 1933.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

Photographed by Shaw Wildman at the Restaurant de l'Etoile, Charlotte Street, W.1

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In White, Putty and Fawn Shades

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Wholesale only: **H. E. MILLS, Ltd.,**
"Milwata House,"
18 WELLS ST., LONDON, W.1
Telephone No.: Museum 1326 (2 lines)

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating in Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days.

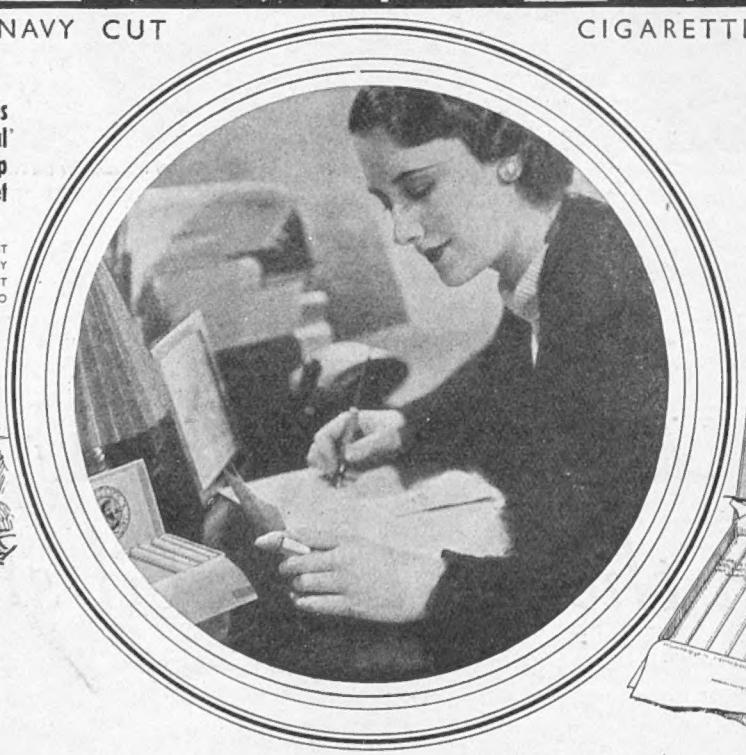
The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. The years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows the value of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

..."and although we are miles from anywhere in this delightful spot, there is a quaint little shop in the village where we can get our "Player's"

HERE, THERE, EVERYWHERE, IN THE MOST UNEXPECTED PLACES IT IS POSSIBLE TO BUY PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES. THE VAST DEMAND WHICH MAKES THIS POSSIBLE ALSO GUARANTEES THEIR UNFAILING FRESHNESS



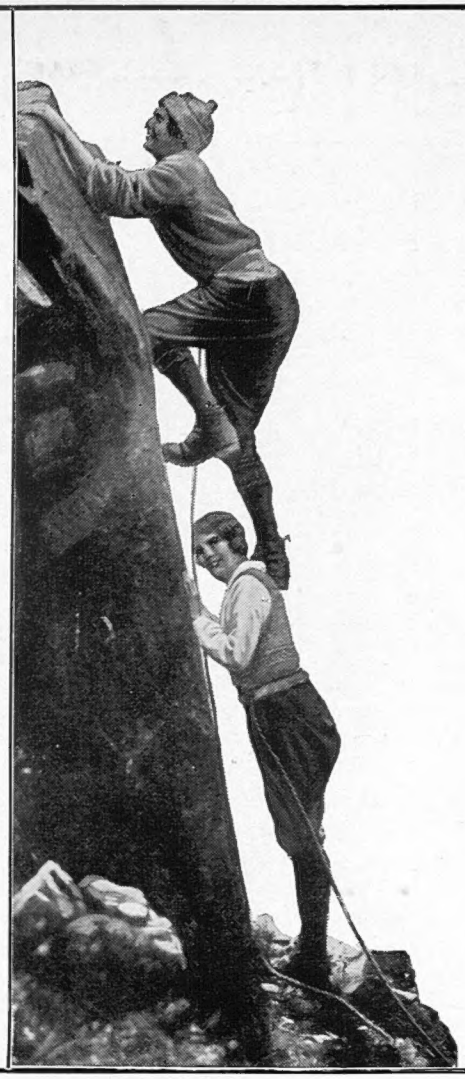
CARD BOX OF 50 FOR 2/5
20 " 11½
10 " 6d

N.C.C. 183

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

"Some people think Shell advertising is "Highbrow""

"Well, anyhow, it can't be above <u>our</u> heads"



EVERYBODY KNOWS

— YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

A charmingly feminine and lovely coiffure created at our Berners Street Salons. Of finest quality soft hair, it is well defined and in excellent taste for all occasions.

LUSTROUS HAIR

WHICH LOOKS YOUR OWN

Beauty is often lost when hair begins to thin before its time. And yet it is easy to recapture the charm of the lovely lustrous hair which once you possessed. Our transformations and toupets of pure natural hair can never be distinguished from your own . . . they fit you exactly . . . catching the very shade and gleam of your hair . . . light as a feather. Write to-day for our Brochure (B), or call at our West End Salon and interview our Manageress. Strictest confidence, prompt delivery and guaranteed satisfaction have been for 37 years the keynotes of our service.

Transformations from - - £2.10.9
Switches of pure human hair from 5/9
Chignons and Swathes from 10/9

The Manageress,
UNIVERSAL HAIR CO.
80/84, FOXBERRY RD., BROCKLEY, LONDON, S.E.
West End Salon: 1, Berners St., Oxford St., W.1.
'Phone: Museum 3128.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

This famous NATURAL Mineral Water is invaluable in affections of the LIVER. Owing to the Salts and other mineral elements which it contains it flushes the system and repels liverish tendencies. The unique properties of VICHY-CÉLESTINS are recognised by Physicians throughout the world.

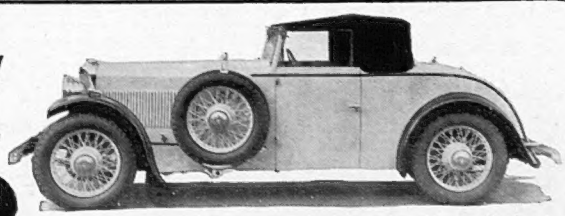
VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:
INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,
BANGOR WHARF, 45, BELVEDERE RD., LONDON, S.E.1.

THE ACE OF PERFECTION

THE NEW AC L435



THE 16/56 h.p. "ACE" DROPHEAD COUPÉ, £435

You will find out for yourself: motoring in a re-designed A.C. is definitely a new experience. Individual — graceful — speedy — economical — and supremely comfortable

See your local agent about a trial run to-day

Thames Diffon, Surrey.

AC (ACEDES) CARS LTD.

'Phone: Emberbrook 2340-1. *Telegraphic Address: "Autocarrier, Thames Ditton."*

The one *safe* and *certain* method to remove UNWANTED HAIR

GYPSIA succeeds where other methods fail. Do not confuse Gypsia with the numerous treatments which merely temporarily remove superfluous hair. Gypsia does more. It consists of two distinct liquids: No. 1 removing the hair; No. 2 killing the roots, thus preventing further growth. *If desired, treatment and advice can be given by Madame Sueur herself by appointment.* Commence with this wonderful home treatment at once. The complete treatment box costs only 25/6 (for the face), or 28/6 (for the body)—Colonies or abroad add 2/6 extra for postage—and will be forwarded by return of post upon receipt of remittance. Cross cheques, and P.O.'s. Order direct from—

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EAU PILOPHAGE

INVISIBLE FACE LIFTING

is the highest perfection for making the face, eyes, neck, chin, nose, ears, lips, painlessly and permanently beautiful. The Method is the outcome of twenty two years' scientific research work based on 10,000 successful cases, and is exclusively practised by the inventor, a highly-skilled and experienced Continental Specialist.

Age is no barrier. Call or write.

HYSTOGEN, 40, Baker St., London, W.1.
(Established 1911).

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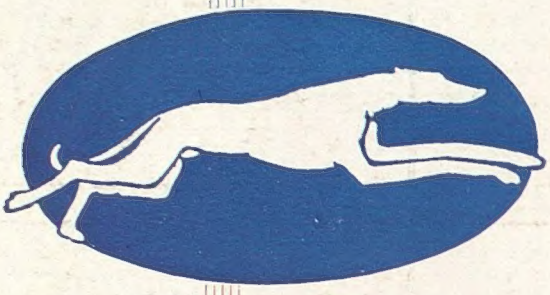
DEVELOPING, PRINTING and ENLARGING

LEICA CAMERA LIST FREE ON REQUEST

WALLACE HEATON LTD
119, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



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WIMBLEDON STADIUM

PLOUGH LANE, S.W.17

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FIRST HEATS OF THE WIMBLEDON CLASSIC

THE LAURELS

500 Yards, Flat

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"THE LAURELS"

FINAL SAT. SEPT. 2ND

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5/-, 2/6 and 1/3 including Tax